

# Sports Illustrated



APRIL 22, 1965

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Remember that!



THE SON OF JUMBROW TODAY

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## Next week

THE DARING PHILLIES have Philadelphia as excited as it ever was in the days of the Whiz Kids. A look at the town, the team and an excellent young pitcher, Art Mahaffey.

THE DAISY AIR RIFLE is part of the childhood memories of most American male adults. Joe David Brown recalls his BB-gun days and visits the lively Daisy company.

A WEEKEND LOAF on a lazy river was the prospect that lured Alice Higgins to southern Missouri. But this canoe boat trip had enough hazards to keep her wide-awake.



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Now you can enjoy the grand sound of FM AM in this neatly proportioned radio triumph from RCA Victor.

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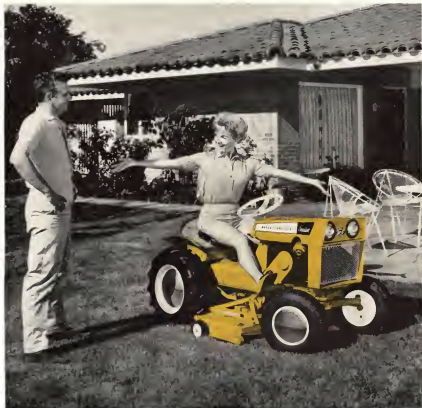
price, optional with dealer. Slightly higher some areas West, South. Price, specifications subject to change.

See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network.



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If there's a lawn and garden tractor on your mind this Spring, put this one at the top of your look-list. It's the new Massey-Ferguson Executive. And it has everything you could possibly want—all included in its moderate price! Consider what you get as standard equipment: Cigarette lighter on the dash. Self-starter. Cushioned, shock-absorbing comfort seat. Twin built-in head-

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## SELECTED STATISTICS FROM 1962

A meaningful report that reveals the true value of a baseball player to his team and the reasons a club finished where it did

### EFFECTIVE TEAM PITCHING

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	at bats	Opponents' hits	BA
Los Angeles (288)	5,865	3,386	245
San Francisco (278)	5,578	3,280	250
St. Louis (271)	5,534	3,184	252
Cincinnati (270)	5,499	3,281	254
Houston (264)	5,573	3,446	258
Pittsburgh (260)	5,475	3,423	262
Minneapolis (257)	5,580	3,463	262
Philadelphia (246)	5,472	3,409	268
Chicago (233)	5,347	3,509	272
New York (242)	5,619	3,577	281

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	at bats	Opponents' hits	BA
New York (267)	5,364	3,375	267
Baltimore (248)	5,523	3,372	249
Chicago (240)	5,500	3,380	251
Los Angeles (230)	5,584	3,412	253
Minnesota (262)	5,526	3,490	255
Washington (250)	5,472	3,420	256
Cleveland (245)	5,467	3,410	258
Boston (236)	5,485	3,416	258
Detroit (241)	5,433	3,452	259
Kansas City (242)	5,567	3,450	263

### EFFECTIVE TEAM SCORING

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Runs allowed	Pct scoring
San Francisco	2,117	879	415
Los Angeles	2,114	842	398
Cincinnati	2,062	887	378
St. Louis	2,086	774	373
Pittsburgh	2,017	796	368
Minneapolis	1,991	730	367
Philadelphia	1,974	705	354
Chicago	1,841	652	315
New York	1,586	617	314
Houston	1,901	587	311

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Runs allowed	Pct scoring
New York	2,425	817	394
Minnesota	2,125	758	376
Detroit	2,036	758	372
Kansas City	2,065	745	361
Cleveland	1,937	687	360
Los Angeles	2,008	718	355
Boston	1,981	707	357
Baltimore	1,913	650	343
Chicago	2,076	707	340
Washington	1,851	599	324

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in-vit-ed (in-*vit*-ed), n.t.—made welcome; treated hospitably; received with open arms. For example, children under 12 are invited to Albert Pick without room charge.

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# EFFECTIVE PITCHERS

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Opponents	BA
at bats	hits	
Rodriguez LA (16-7)	580	124 197
Gibson STL (15-12)	651	174 261
Barnett Phil (8-6)	543	164 238
Boyd LA (25-9)	1 125	272 230
Jacobs Mon (20-20)	901	210 212
Santana SF (24-7)	996	210 214
Mantel SF (18-11)	996	212 214
Furges Phil (9-8)	661	183 225
Briggs STL (17-13)	815	203 237
O'Leary Cin (14-12)	931	227 238
Prince SF (18-6)	634	147 239
Parker Cin (25-5)	1 083	260 240

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Opponents	BA
at bats	hits	
Agnew Det (16-8)	752	167 206
Cheney Wash (7-9)	630	134 215
Gettys LA (19-13)	691	149 208
Terry NY (25-12)	1 114	257 251
Winters Bos (12-18)	708	163 251
Stafford NY (14-9)	806	181 252
Stokhouse Wash (11-12)	723	169 254
Parkes Cin (12-14)	772	182 256
Parker KC (14-14)	734	175 256
Orlando Bal (9-17)	830	199 240
Parsons Mon (20-11)	978	236 241
Rodriguez Mon (28-34)	1 002	243 253

# BEST AT GETTING ON BASE

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

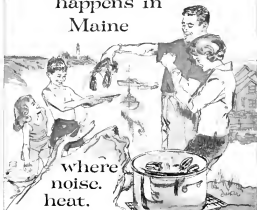
	Times at plate	Times on base	On Base pct
Robinson Cin (34-2)	701	295	421
Mantel STL (20-1)	506	210	416
Altman Cin (31-1)	403	237	293
Stinner Phil (30-2)	597	234	292
R. Aaron Phil (22-7)	662	240	290
White STL (32-6)	602	263	286
Moss SF (30-4)	706	271	284
Mathews Phil (26-5)	642	245	292
T. Davis LA (24-5)	711	253	312
Fairly LA (27-9)	555	206	371
Williams Cin (28-6)	659	258	362
Bayer STL (29-1)	691	254	368

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Times at plate	Times on base	On Base pct
Mantel NY (32-1)	560	214	406
Seaborn KC (30-8)	719	296	412
Parsons Bos (32-5)	650	266	406
Conningham Cin (28-9)	652	263	403
Robinson Cin (31-7)	604	261	382
Cash Det (24-3)	619	240	382
Calvin Det (27-2)	707	262	371
Robinson Mon (28-6)	711	267	375
Altman Mon (28-6)	613	276	369
Mathews Phil (24-2)	665	244	366
Green Mon (27-1)	724	264	365
A. Smith Cin (29-2)	575	209	363

CONTINUED

# A special happiness happens in Maine



where  
noise.  
heat.  
traffic and  
worries disappear!

It's the happiness of love, laughter, lobster, fresh air so clean it's fun to breathe — lakes, seacoast, mountains, scenery that would make a camera sigh, if it could.

Close your eyes for a second and pretend you and summer have both come to Maine. Welcome the warmth of a sun that has lost its heat to the ocean. Listen to the seagulls as they soar above the surf. Smell the lobsters steaming! Can't you almost taste the hot buttered corn and the tender clams? Now, walk along that quiet, uncrowded stretch of beach and feel as though you own it. Lie on the clean sand and gaze at the sky. Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it wonderful not to hurry or worry? But there's a lot to do and enjoy when you're ready. Auctions, summer theatre, golf, historic sites, a trip to the lakes, fishing, boating, pictures to take and memories to keep. And how you'll sleep at night in the quiet extra-blanket coolness that sways the pines.

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### STATISTICS continued

#### EXTRA BASE POWER

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Total hits	Extra-base hits	Pct
Max. SF (245)	189	96	436
Robinson, Co. (242)	208	92	442
Howard, LA (240)	146	62	425
Mathews, MI (236)	142	63	423
W. Russo, MI (2210)	191	79	414
Thomas, NY (214)	152	69	392
Banks, Co. (204)	164	63	384
Shannon, PH (202)	154	56	364
Seaver, PH (202)	129	45	346
Kline, Co. (204)	115	41	353
Brook, Co. (203)	114	40	351
Fryson, Co. (192)	130	61	337

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Total hits	Extra-base hits	Pct
Kellars, Mo. (242)	134	70	517
Dash, Cal (242)	123	57	463
Mason, NY (240)	151	68	450
Clifton, Co. (234)	117	52	444
Albion, Mo. (208)	128	62	482
Kelso, Del (204)	121	55	421
Colavito, Del (202)	104	68	421
Brandt, Mo. (202)	119	53	443
Gardner, Del (201)	117	55	431
Roman, Cal (201)	120	47	392
Wagner, LA (200)	104	63	384
Martini, NY (201)	121	46	380

#### EFFECTIVE BASE STEALING

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Attempts	Sliden bases	Pct
May, SF	20	18	900
Wills, LA	117	104	889
W. Davis, LA	38	32	821
Clendenen, PH	20	16	800
Brashers, LA	15	12	800
Pittman, Co	34	26	765
Strange, PH	21	16	762
T. Davis, LA	24	18	750
Wayne, Mo	16	12	750
Jewett, SL	35	26	743
Albion, Co	26	18	731
Slavin, LA	24	17	708

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Attempts	Sliden bases	Pct
Wardle, KC	21	19	895
Wood, Del	27	24	889
Charles, KC	24	20	833
Torres, KC	24	18	750
Weldon, Wash	38	28	737
Lando, Co	26	18	731
Apacito, Co	42	30	711
Franklin, LA	23	15	734
Winton, Del	25	18	687
Collier, Wash	32	18	656
Pennell, Wash	19	12	632
Wardlaw, Cal	16	10	625

#### BEST AGAINST FIRST DIVISION

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Season record	1st division record	Pct
Quinn, Mo	20-9	7-5	736
Balchman, PH	22-7	8-3	667
Briggs, SL	22-9	8-5	667
Walt, Co	22-14	8-8	667
Short, PH	21-9	7-5	636
O'Toole, Co	18-13	10-6	625
Sullivan, SL	10-30	6-7	400
Fairall, Mo	10-30	4-11	400
Marshall, SF	18-11	10-7	556
Parker, Co	22-5	12-1	502
Dynasty, LA	25-9	10-2	480
O'Dell, SF	19-14	9-6	474

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Season record	1st division record	Pct
Danville, Wash	7-16	7-8	1000
Fisher, Co	8-5	8-3	888
Fisher, Mo	7-6	6-5	857
Seger, KC	8-5	4-3	750
Roberts, Mo	10-8	7-4	700
Schmitt, Mo	9-15	6-11	687
Wideman, KC	11-4	7-3	636
Stanhope, Wash	11-12	7-8	636
Bell, Co	10-6	6-6	600
Papay, Mo	12-10	7-7	543
Stallard, NY	14-9	8-5	571
Conley, Mo	15-14	8-8	533

#### BEST AGAINST SECOND DIVISION

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Season record	2nd division record	Pct
Stanly, PH	9-5	8-2	888
Hamilton, PH	9-12	8-2	889
Robb, LA	10-2	8-1	800
Low, PH	10-7	8-2	800
Nadler, PH	9-6	7-2	778
Blawie, Co	9-20	7-6	778
Jackson, NY	8-20	6-10	750
Harley, Mo	11-13	8-4	727
Spicer, Mo	18-14	12-8	727
Williams, LA	14-12	10-3	714
Parker, SF	16-6	11-3	688
Friend, PH	18-14	12-4	687

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Season record	2nd division record	Pct
Wynn, Co	11-16	7-11	1000
Wynn, Del	11-13	8-8	888
Brinkley, LA	10-11	8-7	889
Barker, Mo	9-6	7-2	778
Briggs, NY	8-4	6-2	750
Ford, NY	17-8	12-4	706
Potter, Co	13-14	8-8	667
Kelley, Mo	12-16	8-5	667
Edwards, Mo	9-17	6-8	667
Harrell, Co	20-9	13-4	650
Chance, LA	14-10	9-5	643
Burns, Del	18-10	12-4	632



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(*looking at people looking at your new Pontiac.*)

Amazing how friendly people get to be when you're driving a '63 Pontiac. Ogles and not-so-gentle hints for rides are the least you can expect. Naturally. Pontiac's a specialist at making people wish they had one. The styling, the smoothness, the Wide-Track stability, the Trophy V-8 under the hood, the little comforts that this car spreads out are enough to make anybody a Pontiac-wanter. And the kicker is, you don't have to be rolling in money to get into a Pontiac, either—especially a Catalina like the one in our picture. But what are we doing taking up your time, when you want to be on your way to your Pontiac dealer's? **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

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# SCORECARD

## ONCE AGAIN TO NOWHERE

The basketball team picked in Kansas City a couple of weeks ago to represent the U.S. in the Pan American Games may be strong enough to win the Pan Am championship, but it will be hard-pressed to beat Russia in the world tournament that follows in Rio de Janeiro. Why should the finest basketball-playing country in the world be considered lucky if it scrapes through to victory in a tournament it should win with ease? Simple. It doesn't use its best players. Why not? Well, because of the curious and illogical method of selection, three of the four All-Star teams on display at Kansas City were from the armed forces, the AAU and the small colleges, even though everyone knows that the best nonprofessional basketball in the country is played by the 20 or so top big-college teams, who collectively had one All-Star squad at Kansas City.

Further, the collegiate representation was limited because the NCAA kept in force its stringent rules restricting All-Star participation by college players, even though this All-Star tournament was to pick a team to represent the U.S. in a world championship. Finally, no U.S. representative to the world basketball federation has raised his voice during the past four years in favor of a summer tournament, when almost every U.S. player would be free to travel. Some of the outstanding players in the country, Art Heyman of Duke, Jerry Harkness of Loyola, Ron Bonham of Cincinnati and Bill Bradley of Princeton, did not even try out for the squad, and George Wilson of Cincinnati, who made the team, quit later because he did not want to miss a month or so of classes and risk scholastic ineligibility next season.

The U.S. used to put together strong national squads from AAU teams, but AAU basketball has long since been crippled by the growth of professional basketball. To pick a first-class U.S. team now without relying principally on the big colleges is patently ridiculous,

but the U.S. Olympic Basketball Committee, which is responsible for our national teams, either is unable or unwilling to accept this obvious fact.

This is all an old story, but it is getting to be a tiresome one. The men in charge mutter, "We're doing the best we can." If the current and continuing mess is the best they can do, it is time to shake up the U.S. Olympic Basketball Committee.

## BEAUTY AND THE TAX COLLECTOR

News that New York's Belmont Park, one of the most beautiful race tracks in the U.S., will be closed down this season came as a blow to those who believe that green grass and shade trees are as much a part of racing as 52 windows. According to the New York Racing Association, the stands and roof at Belmont are unsafe, and therefore Belmont's 50 days of racing will be switched to Aqueduct. But Belmont finished its last race meeting in October, and here it is mid-April. Could not the precarious conditions of the stands have been discovered earlier, when steps might have been taken to have Belmont renovated and made safe?

The switch to huge, ugly Aqueduct, which can handle much larger crowds in its treeless wastes than Belmont ever could, will be pleasing at any rate to Governor Nelson Rockefeller and the New York State legislature, because Aqueduct will make more money for the state than Belmont.

Of course, Governor Rockefeller has said in the past that he was opposed to anything that would induce more people to gamble, a remark made in opposition to Mayor Robert F. Wagner's request for legislation authorizing off-track betting. But now the governor needs the more-the-merrier betting at Aqueduct like bread, which may also explain why he authorized an extension in the New York racing season.

We wonder when—and if—Belmont will be rebuilt. State officials may insist on a plant that can pack them in the way Aqueduct does, and never mind the

trees. The precedent of a moribund Belmont also bodes ill for summer racing at Saratoga, a charming but losing proposition. New York should remember that horse racing is a sport as well as a revenue-producing arm of state government. The state makes plenty out of racing and should consider it a duty to plow some of it back.

We hope that if Belmont is rebuilt the supermarket school of architecture will not take over as it did at Aqueduct, Roosevelt, Yonkers and too many other tracks. A concrete-and-plastic betting factory can be made by you and me, but only God can make a tree.

## ALLIGATOR STRAP

Trudy, a 4-year-old South American cman alligator, belongs to Captain John Edwards, a fellow of London's Zoological Society and a collector of tropical fish and reptiles. Captain Edwards takes Trudy all over England in the back seat of his Renault to show her off at lectures. For a while he had trou-



ble: every time Captain Edwards braked his car, Trudy landed on the back of his neck.

"She weighs about half a hundred-weight (56 pounds), and a blow from her tail would almost knock me out," Edwards said recently. "Apart from this, I was always having to look over my shoulder during a journey to make sure she was all right. I was worried about what might happen if we were involved in an accident."

Captain Edwards decided to invest in a safety belt for Trudy, and he presented

the problem to a firm of safety-belt manufacturers.

"They were a bit surprised," Captain Edwards said. "No one had ever asked them to produce a safety belt for an alligator. We have a long belt stretching across the back seat with two loops from it, one passing behind Trudy's front legs and the other one in front of her back legs. She hit me when we tried it on the first time, but Trudy has got used to it and likes it now. I wrap a towel around her to stop the belt's chafing, slip a hot water bottle inside, and she is quite happy."

#### GOOD WOOD ON THE BALL

Several 10-inch oaks and an assortment of smaller trees were found chopped down on the Wake Forest College campus in Winston-Salem, N.C., recently. The groundskeeper was puzzled. He suspected a new student fad. Then one day he spotted Bill Scripture, star outfielder of the college baseball team, strolling along the campus with an ax on his shoulder. When he was questioned, Scripture admitted that he was the chopper. He explained that he found chopping trees at waist level an excellent practice for developing his batting swing and hardening his muscles. He is ambitious to play professional baseball and has trained vigorously at the expense of the campus foliage. His practice paid off, apparently, in skill, for he batted .500 in his first 13 games, of which Wake Forest won 10.

The groundskeeper offered Bill Scripture some conventional wood to chop, but the outfielder demurred. The stroke, he said, is not at all the same with logs on the ground. Now scouts are after Scripture, and if he can find an available stand of lumber he may become a major leaguer.

#### TAKE A BOW

In the past there has been a lot of handshaking in international table tennis. Even the Japanese, whose traditional greeting has been in the form of low bows, started shaking hands at the end of matches. Now the International Table Tennis Congress, meeting in Prague, has proposed that table-tennis players may shake hands only with their opponents and not with the officials. If they want to be courteous to officials, they may nod or bow.

Hungary proposed the change, remarking that too much handshaking was unhygienic—particularly for officials.

*continued*

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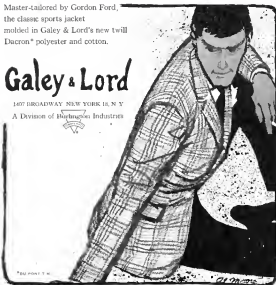
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## SCORECARD *continued*

who, unlike players, could not leave immediately for the showers. Of course, Americans have been shaking hands for years (frequently without showering immediately thereafter), and there has been no noticeable decrease in the table-tennis population. But if the rules say how or nod, we will bow—or nod.

## STIFFER SENTENCES

A fortnight ago National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle denied any plan to impose heavy penalties on players accused of betting or of associating with persons of dubious character (SI, April 8). Since then some new evidence has come in and Rozelle has changed his mind. His relatively stern sanctions, which may be made public this week, are calculated to discourage future indiscretions by players and to remind management of its responsibility for close supervision of its athletes.

## HOOVER ON FISHING

Ever since Herbert Hoover was a small boy in Iowa, angling with a willow pole and bait that had been spit upon for luck, he has been a devoted fisherman. One of his predecessors in the White House, Grover Cleveland, was so passionate about the sport that he wrote his *Fishing and Shooting Sketches*. Now Mr. Hoover has done the same, assembling in a little book, *Fishing for Fun and to Wash Your Soul* (Random House, \$3), an assortment of memorable and invariably gentle observations he has made over the years on the subject he loves best. Like the subject they cover, these thoughts are refreshing. Among them:

"Fishing is the eternal Fountain of Youth. There is said to be a tablet of 2000 B.C. which says: 'The Gods do not subtract from the allotted span of men's lives the hours spent in fishing.'"

"The spiritual uplift of goodwill, cheerfulness and optimism that accompanies every fishing expedition is the peculiar spirit that our people need in these troublous times of suspicion and doubt. They ought all to be sent fishing periodically."

When President of the United States, Herbert Hoover did not have an easy time but, like other troubled men, he was able to find peace in fishing. "Life," he writes, "is not comprised entirely of making a living or of arguing about the future or defaming the past. It is the





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Whistle.  
Shift your eyes.  
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### SCORECARD continued

break of waves in the sun, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain in their manifestation of the Maker—it is all these that soothe our troubles, shame our wickedness, and inspire us to esteem our fellow men—especially other fishermen."

### SCENE STRALER

While Candy Spots and Never Bend are still overwhelming favorites to win the Kentucky Derby two weeks hence, a potential spoiler is waiting just off stage. His name is No Robbery, Greentree Stable's son of Swaps. No Robbery, like Candy Spots, has never been defeated and he enters this week's Wood Memorial with four impressive victories. The latest was a 10-length win over older horses at Aqueduct in which he turned the mile in 1:34, just two-fifths of a second off the track record held jointly by Bald Eagle, Beau Purple and Carry Back.

Meanwhile, at Keeneland, Never Bend prepped for this week's Fore-runner by going six furlongs in 1:12. Candy Spots, already at Churchill Downs, worked out at the same distance in 1:11, causing Clocker Bill Cunningham to remark: "It was the best Derby workout I've ever seen. He did it so easily you couldn't believe your watch."

### THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Bragan, Milwaukee manager, on the reliance of baseball people on percentages: "Say you were standing with one foot in the oven and one foot in an ice bucket. According to the percentage people, you should be perfectly comfortable."
- SMU Hurdler Bob Johnson, on why he never got started on a weight-lifting program: "I've been trying to, but I can't get them out of my car."
- Dick (Turk) Farrell, Houston pitcher, who has a reputation for fast living, warning rookie Rusty Staub: "Stay away from me. If the front office sees you hanging around me, I'll get traded for sure."
- Forrest E. Wise, Newport, Ark. baseball fan, after he won a 55-pound barrel of 1,000 kosher dill pickles at the Kansas City Athletics' home opener: "What I should do is find the guy who won the thousand cans of beer and the one who won the thousand hot dogs and not go home for a while."

END

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**Sports**  
**Illustrated**  
APRIL 22, 1963



# JUST A SECOND

The Pitchers Union, National League division, is screaming 'foul,' because the umpires are calling balks at the greatest rate in the entire history of baseball

by WILLIAM LEGGETT





Last week major league baseball got off to its stormiest and most perplexing beginning in 37 years. No new multimillion-dollar stadiums were opened; no sagging old franchises had moved to rich new towns. The name of the game was still baseball, but the strict enforcement of an old rule was driving pitchers, at least in the National League, into an apoplectic frenzy. In the American League the same rule was being violated left and right (see left and right), and nobody seemed to care.

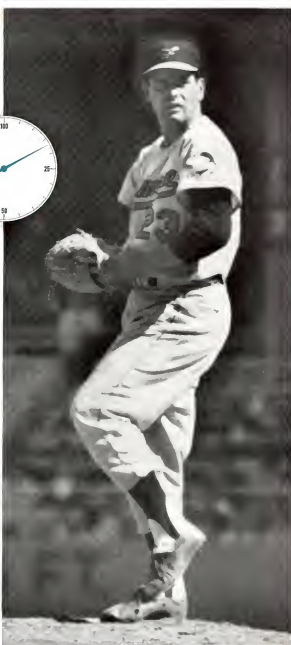
It all started when a little bird told the National League umpires to enforce the long-standing balk rule. (It must have been a little bird, because everybody in authority has since denied saying anything special about the balk.) The rule itself is as complex as a Philadelphia zoning law, but in essence it says that a pitcher must bring his motion to a full stop and hold the stop for at least one second whenever there are men on base. Strict enforcement of the rule is generally considered to favor the base runner because it prevents the pitcher from "quick-pitching."

During the first 20 games of this season, National League umpires called 20 balks, while American League ump's, working under the

*continued on page 34*

*Freedom enjoyed by American League pitchers is shown inadvertently by Oriole Chuck Estrada in game Sunday with Yankees. At left, he comes to set position, which he should hold for a full second. Instead, as shown by a sequence camera, he goes back into motion (right) a mere sixth of a second later. He should have been charged with a balk.*

*Photographs by Marvin E. Newman*



# LAST FLING

Photo by Light Camera



*Cincinnati's harassed Royals see Cousy coming one way, but do they also see him slipping the ball the other way?*

*Making one of the patented moves that he brought to the sport, peloping Bob Cousy back suddenly to fire a long pass.*

# FOR A WIZARD

Bob the magnificent Cousy is at his magical best as he leads the Celtics to victory over the Royals and into the NBA finals  
by JOHN UNDERWOOD



**T**he Boston Celtics are an old team. Tired blood courses through their varicose veins and they are suspected of having fallen arches, bad backs, itchy scalp and gout. Nevertheless, when they do not win a best-of-seven series in five games, as they did not do in the professional basketball semifinals with Cincinnati last week, some insufferable in-

Boston cries "fix". *What's Wrong with The Celtics?* ask columnists; a letter to the editor suggests that Bob Cousy is really a little lower than the angels after all; and the Boston Garden becomes a madhouse of paying customers clamoring to see what's up. The champion Celtics then put away all doubts by winning in the seventh game. They always win

the seventh game. There is no team in sport that is more pleasurable to watch in crisis than the Boston Celtics. Superannuated, they become super. Inept, they become apt. The magnificent Cousy, 34 and playing his last season, becomes 21 again, throwing the ball the length of the court, making phantom passes and side-wheeling through groves of bigger

*continued on page 58*

Augusta's new wearer of the green tells Gwilym S. Brown of his thoughts as the drama rose, of the shots that brought him victory and of how, surprisingly,

# I CHANGED MY GAME TO WIN THE MASTERS

by JACK NICKLAUS

As any of the touring professionals will confess, the time to start thinking about winning yourself a Masters championship is January, when the winter tour has hardly begun. Along with the U.S. Open, the Masters is the most prized championship in golf. It is a tournament worth planning for, played on a golf course that demands planning. I was well aware that I had played in four previous Masters championships without much success. So this January I did some thinking. The result was one major decision and two lesser ones that ended with my having the great privilege of wearing the green jacket that is given to each Masters winner.

First, I decided that I would pace off the course, something I had done at many other tournaments but never at Augusta. This would enable me to judge my distance from the green quite accurately on every shot. Second, I felt it was necessary to attack the course from beginning to end—and very seldom hit a conservative shot. Finally—and this was by far the most important element in my pretournament strategy—I decided to revise my game to suit Augusta National. I had not been able to beat the Augusta course the way I played golf, so now I was going to play a different kind of golf, designed just to beat Augusta.

When the 1963 tournament season started I was in better physical condition, and my game was sharper than it

normally is in January, largely because my fall layoff had been brief. I played average golf in the Los Angeles Open and played almost well enough to win the Crosby. Almost. It will be a while before I forget how I three-putted the last hole to lose. It was just about this time that I began my pre-Masters preparations. My normal game has always been to hit my shots so that they come down with a slight left-to-right fade. I have been able to get plenty of distance this way, as well as accuracy. But now I decided that this game simply was not right for Augusta. I had been playing the course the wrong way.

After all, Bobby Jones, who helped Alister MacKenzie lay the course out, played most of his shots to hook from right to left. Arnold Palmer, who plays the course as if he owned it, normally hits a slight hook. Hogan, before he changed over to the fade, used to hook, and he won at Augusta twice and finished second four times. Snead, who has won the Masters three times, has always drawn the ball from right to left. I thought, my gosh, Augusta National is practically all doglegs to the left. I had never been able to draw the ball properly, but I decided it was time to learn.

Learning to hook, however, was to be an even more difficult process than I had anticipated. In late January, while playing in a pro-am event just before the San Francisco open, I suddenly suffered a

sharp pain in my left hip. It was so bad I could hardly walk. I went to a doctor there, and he diagnosed it as bursitis. The only thing that could help it was rest. I played badly at San Francisco, missing the 36-hole cutoff, and only the warm weather made it possible for me to play well at Palm Springs and win that tournament. But through all the tournaments that followed—Arizona, Louisiana and Florida—I could never practice without inflaming the hip. I rested, I took injections to ease the pain and I was able to play tournament rounds. But even my usually light preround warmups had to be cut in half. It was not until the Friday before the Masters that I was able to practice at all. By then I must have gotten enough rest and treatment, for the pain in the hip vanished as quickly as it had come.

As a result of not being able to practice, I was forced to learn my new hooking technique during tournaments. Developing the new shot was mainly a question of timing. Learning it while in competition was pretty slow work. I made absolutely no change in my grip or my swing. I simply began to hit the ball differently by rolling my wrists slightly to the left, thus producing a hook. I went ahead and hit these right-to-left shots in tournaments, even on holes that should not have been played that way.

Just at the time I went up to Augusta I started getting better at this shot. I

*continued*







begin to have confidence that I could repeat my swing time after time and draw the ball the right amount. The only trouble was that I had not been playing very much or practicing at all, and my game was not, on the whole, as sharp as it might have been.

In my practice rounds at Augusta I shot 69, 70, 67 and then 32 for nine holes. Judging from these scores, it looked as if I would shoot out the lights once the tournament began. But I did the same thing before the Masters last year, and then started out 74, 75. It is not uncommon for pros to shoot great scores in practice rounds and then poor ones in a tournament. It is not necessarily that we start playing badly; it is more often that the tournament, especially one like the Masters, scares us a little and we begin to play defensively. But I had already made up my mind about attacking the course. That's how Palmer plays Augusta, I figured. Why shouldn't I? With my hook working nicely, the distances on key holes paced off and noted on a scorecard (see page 22) and my attitude pretty bold, I was ready. No one who has played in the Masters can be surprised at the weather, Augusta can be without a breath of breeze for a month, and the first day of the tournament will come up windy. It never fails. They say you will have four different days there: one day of rain, one day of wind, one day when the greens are like marble and one day when they are squishy as sponges. That's how it was this year, too. On opening day, Thursday, Augusta greeted us with a gale.

I was a little surprised, however, to find myself 3 over par after 13 holes. I had played a lot better than 3-over-par golf. I had missed some short putts, and I had bogeyed the 13th after a good three-iron trickled off the right side of the green into the creek and gave me a 6 instead of a possible eagle 3.

#### HECTIC CLIMAX ON THE 13<sup>TH</sup>

*On the final hole of the final round Nicklaus tried to keep his tee shot away from the trees on the right side of the fairway. He drops his ball far to the left, where it came to rest near a camera car and in the muddy tracks left by a sea of spectators. As the huge crowd milled around him, he was permitted to pick up his ball and drop it on the fairway (center). From there he hit to the green for his winning par.*

Photographs by Richard Nixon

But on the next hole, the 420-yard 14th, I began to get going. In previous years, because I was fading the ball, I had always found this par-4 hole particularly difficult. It doglegs slightly around a clump of pine trees on the left, and the fairway slopes down into trees on the right. My tee shot had usually landed on the right side of the fairway and then kicked down toward or into the trees. But this year I was able to hook my drive right up the center of the fairway. I hit a seven-iron 20 feet from the hole and knocked in the putt, my first birdie of the tournament. I birdied 15 also, and then made a real good chip for my par on the watery, par-3 16th hole. The pin on the 16th green was located at the back right, and my shot went to the right of the trap on that side. I had a downhill lie in sand and pine needles, but I hit a very touchy chip over the trap, against a bank and up onto the green close to the hole.

The two birdies and that good chip shot brought me back in the game. They built up my confidence about being able to score. I had shot 74, but I'd played better than that. What's more, the course had been windy and tough for everyone to play. I wasn't too far behind.

On Friday I played the round that won the tournament. My other scores of 74, 74, 72 were certainly nothing to write home to mother about, and even the second round did not start off as if it would be anything like a 66. On the first hole I hit a poor wedge shot. "Uh-oh, here we go again," I thought. But I made the par. It was a very big par, and it kept me in a positive frame of mind.

On the next five holes I hit putts that I thought would drop in the cup for birdies, but just stayed out. Then, on the 7th hole, I sank an eight-foot putt for a birdie, and got another putt of 15 feet for a birdie on 8. Everything was going along fine. I was hitting the ball just as well as I can. On 12 I got another birdie, this one with a long putt.

On the par-5 13th, after I had hit my tee shot, I noticed that Bobby Jones had come out on the course in his golf cart to watch my playing partner, Labron Harris, and me play the hole. Immediately I remembered the first time Bobby Jones had ever watched me play golf. It was in the 1955 National Amateur in Richmond. I was beating Bob Gardner 1 up on the 10th hole when Jones appeared. I was only 15, and I got so nervous I went bogey, bogey, double bogey, bogey, felt three holes down and lost the

match one down. Now I said to myself, "Let's not do that again," and hit a real good second shot toward the green with a two-iron. The shot cleared the fronting creek by a good margin. But when it hit, the ball bounced off the left side of the green where the pin was located and up into an overflow of sand about 18 inches behind a trap. I could not run the ball down because it would have gone into the trap. I did not dare pitch the ball, because I had a sandy lie and was afraid of catching the sand first and dumping the ball into the trap. There was only one way to play the shot, and that was like an explosion from sand. Even this was risky. If the ground underneath was hard, the club might bounce up and hit the ball clear across the green and into the creek. I'll admit what I did—I stepped up and hit the shot as quickly as I could before I had a chance to get scared. The ball landed above the hole and rolled down two feet away for a sure birdie. It, and the one I had made the day before on 16, were two of the finest chip shots I have ever hit. I went on from there to birdie the 15th and the 17th. The only green I missed in regulation all day was the 18th, and there I rolled my chip down the green and to within two feet of the hole for a finishing par and the 66. I consider it one of the two or three best competitive rounds of my life.

The day had been ideal for scoring, and I was fortunate to have been able to capitalize on my opportunity more than anyone else in the field. You could also say pretty much the same thing about Tony Lema. He played his best round, a 69, that day too, thus setting up his eventual second-place finish.

The third round on Saturday was weird. It was raining so hard we came within about 10 minutes of having play called off. I missed a two-foot putt, an 18-inch and several more short putts. And I hit two terrible shots that might have ended the tournament, for me at any rate. Sometimes it is hard to realize that, no matter how well you seem to be playing, disaster in a golf tournament is just a shot away. A gallery may be saying, "Arnie's a cinch," or "Nicklaus can't lose now," but one shot bouncing the wrong way off one little tree and "bang"—down you go with the albatross. So maybe my account of the last two rounds makes this Masters sound like a tamer tournament than you think it was. But you couldn't see the shots I hit that could have lost it all.

*continued*

I was paired on Saturday with the half-way leader, Mike Souchak, whose 139 for 36 holes led me by a stroke. On the first hole I hit a horrible tee shot that duck-hooked into a group of trees between the first and ninth fairways. Luckily, the ball was playable. I hooked a four-iron out of the trees and onto the green for a par. I birdied the 5th hole, but I missed short putts on six, seven, eight and 10.

It was on the long par-4 11th hole that I hit another wild shot. My driver slipped in my wet glove on the downswing. The ball flew down the right side of the fairway and smacked a pine tree about 150 yards from the tee. It could have kicked right, or straight back, or to the left and disappeared into a jungle. I had no idea where it went. Nobody saw it. We kind of walked hesitantly up the fairway. There is no gallery allowed on the left side of that hole at all, but a policeman happened to walk over there, and suddenly he called, "Is this yours? A Tourney 6?" I had already walked well by it, and so had all the gallery. Luck had saved me a two-stroke lost-ball penalty, and I ended up one-putting the green for a par.

I also played the last seven holes in par — quite an accomplishment, I thought, considering the weather and the condition of the course. When playing golf in weather like that, all you can do is to keep as dry as humanly possible, take great care with each shot and hope for the best. On the 18th green, while I was waiting my turn to putt, I looked up at the huge scoreboard above us, where big red numbers show how much under par a player is in the tournament, and big green numbers how far over par he is. Well, I am sort of half color-blind. From that distance I found it hard to tell the difference between red and green. When I first looked at the scoreboard I thought there were about three fellows 2 or 3 under par, like me. But a closer look caused me to turn to my caddy in surprise. "By gosh, Willie," I said, "are we leading this thing by three strokes?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

So I said, "Well, let's see if we can make it four." Then I knocked my first putt so far past the hole that I almost three-putted the green. That was before Ed Furgo made birdies on 15 and 16 and cut my lead to one.

When the day was over I felt that with a little better putting I might have been

leading by four or five shots. On the other hand, I cannot remember ever having gone into a round trailing by one shot, shooting a 74 and coming out leading by one shot. I felt so tired that night that when my head hit the pillow — boom! — like that. Pop! Ten hours.

Waiting to tee off for the final round on Sunday, I was confident of being able to play well again. I did not know how well I would score, because you never know how good your putting will be, but I felt sure I would be hitting the ball near the cup. I also felt good about being paired with Julius Boros, as pleasant a playing partner as anybody could ask for. At last I hit a good tee shot on the first hole. I put my second shot about 12 feet from the cup and, even though I missed the putt, I was off and running. On the next six holes I kept just missing putts. "Keep hittin' 'em like that and we're going to make some," said Willie. But instead of making birdies I began to run into trouble.

When you walk off the first green at Augusta you usually look over at the nearby 8th green to check the pin position. This is an uphill par-3 hole that can be reached in two. I forgot to check. When I arrived at the 8th tee I could see the distant flag clearly, and it looked as if it was in the right side of the green. I played my second shot, a one-iron, to the left side of the green, so that if I missed the green I would have most of it to chip into. But when I got up to the ball I saw, with a feeling of shock, that the pin was not at all where I thought it was. It was way over on the left side. I now had to take a six-iron, chip the ball into a grassy bank on the left side of the green and hope to bounce it up close to the hole. Sure enough, it caught in the grass instead of bouncing, and I took a bogey 6. But I still had one consolation: no one had caught me yet.

Someone did catch me four holes later. In fact, it looked for a few moments as if I might be trampled in the rush. I was still leading the tournament by one shot as I walked to the 12th tee, but just then there was a roar from the 14th green. Snead had birdied the hole to go one under par for the tournament and tie me. Well, you know how people get excited. There was a lot of cheering all over the course about this time. I was sitting on the tee, looking at the scoreboard above the 11th green, and I saw

those red numbers begin to come up for the other players. And here I am playing a hole that has jumped up and beaten a lot of people in Masters history.

The 12th hole is a very difficult little par 3 with water in front and a wilderness behind. I was nervous. The pin was in the left front and I thought, "Let's play the ball a little to the right, draw it in a bit and see what happens." What happened was that I did not stay down with the shot long enough. It hit straight into the trap in front of the green. The ball stopped in casual water, and I was allowed to lift and drop it again in the trap, but it stuck in the wet sand. From

SCORE	PAR	FEET	PUTTS	STROKES	SCORE	PAR	FEET	PUTTS	STROKES
375	400	4	9	154	475	555	5	1	222
475	555	5	1	222	330	355	4	11	170
330	355	4	11	170	170	220	3	15	420
170	220	3	15	420	450	450	4	5	170
420	450	4	5	170	190	3	17	315	365
170	190	3	17	315	365	4	13	475	530
315	365	4	13	475	530	5	7	395	420
475	530	5	7	395	420	4	7	3125	3485
395	420	4	7	3125	3485	36			

THE CHART THAT JACK MADE proved to be invaluable for him at Augusta, especially on holes 7, 9 and 14, where either the size of the greens or their extreme undulations make them very tight targets. This is the actual card that he referred to during the Masters. The yardages, paced off in practice rounds, were taken from permanent landmarks on each hole, such as a tree or a trap. Nicklaus noted the distance from

this tight lie I hit what I thought was a pretty good sand shot, but it came out very fast and ran across and down over the other side of the green. Now I found out Player had birdied 15 and was also tied with Snead. I putted back instead of chipping, and my ball ran eight feet past the hole. I watched Boros run in a 12-foot putt for a birdie that brought him back to even par in the tournament, and now I had to sink this putt or I would be one over par and possibly too far out of contention to get back. This turned out to be a very, very big putt for me. When it dropped I was still able

to hold my confidence, and I had two possible birdie holes yet to play.

Sneed, meanwhile, had birdied 15 and was two shots ahead of me. I knew now that I had to gamble, so I hit one of my new-found hooks around the dogleg on 13 and reached the green in two with a two-iron, about 60 feet from the pin. I left my first putt five feet short. When I studied the green I discovered that a small flower, a daisy, I think, had sprouted up dead in the middle of my line to the hole. "How did that get there?" I thought. "Fine place for a daisy." Golf rules prohibit moving a living plant. So I hit the ball right over the top of the

hut a one-iron, but I thought the divot might stop the ball a little and dump it into the pond in front of the green. So I used a three-wood and choked up on it a bit. The ball apparently spun off the divot because it shot toward the left side of the green and then hooked. "There goes the Masters," I thought. Normally, a ball flying over that green goes into the pond on the 16th hole. Then I thought, sort of, "Please. Somebody stop the ball." Nobody did, and it disappeared over the green. But when I did not hear any groans from the crowd I figured maybe I was all right. I was. The ball had been stopped by the muddy tracks made by spectators behind the green, and I was even entitled to a free drop. So, from a fairly good lie, I chipped back onto the green and almost made a birdie 4 out of near disaster.

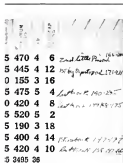
From where I stood on the 16th tee I could see the scoreboard next to the 15th green, and now knew that Player had bogeyed 17 and 18. I hit a five-iron about 12 feet short of the hole on this 190-yard par 3. As we walked around the pond to the green my caddy looked at the scoreboard and saw that Sneed had bogeyed the 18th hole. I was leading the tournament by a shot. "All we need is three pars," Willie said. I agreed. I did not think I would even have to sink the putt. We had both forgotten about Tony Lema. I hit the birdie putt, and I knew at once that it was in the hole. I felt pretty happy. It seemed as if the tournament was as good as wrapped up, and all I had to do was keep my head on the last two holes. I felt that I had enough experience to keep from losing my nerve.

On 17 I hit my drive and walked up the fairway to look at the scoreboard on the left. I now realized that there was one person on the course with a chance to beat me: Lema, who at that moment was on the 18th green. Then, just as Boros hit his second shot, I heard a loud roar from 18. I darn well was not going to hit my next shot until I knew exactly who had done what. Don't let anybody tell you pro golfers don't watch what the opposition is doing. The board changed and showed me that Lema had finished the tournament one under par and that I had to finish par, par to win.

The pin on 17 was behind the large trap that covers the front of the green, and since my approach would have to

clear the trap anyway to hit the middle of the green, I aimed right at the pin. I hit what I thought was a pretty good eight-iron shot. I wasn't worried. But I could not see the green too well from where I stood, and as the ball climbed into the air and toward the green I heard a man behind me yell, "Get up, get up." It was a pretty scary moment. I ran up and to my left to get a look at the ball landing. It got up all right, but short of the pin and spun back. I made my par.

Now 18, I stood up on the tee and thought, "All you need is a par 4 on this hole to win the tournament. You don't want to flirt with the trees on the right, you don't even want to think about them." So I hit the ball well over to the left, a little more than I intended to, actually. It rolled into the muddy tracks left by the gallery, and I got a free lift and drop on the fairway. When I dropped the ball it did not fall into a very good lie, but became lightly covered with splattered mud. From down there the green looked very small. Just about all I could see was the jam of spectators around the green, the trap in front of it and the top half of the flagstick. I paced back from my marking point, the last tree on the right, and thus knew that I was 149 yards from the front of the green and 160 yards from the pin. This ordinarily is a six-iron shot for me, but with the mud and all I knew I could not play a normal shot. I used the six-iron, but choked down on the grip. The shot came off properly, but ran farther past the hole than I had figured it would. My first putt was about 35 feet long, downhill with a break to the left and then one to the right. For a while I thought it would go in the hole, but then it rolled three feet by. As I walked down toward the ball, Pebble Beach and my three putts on the final hole of the Crosby flashed quickly through my mind, but actually I was not as nervous as you might think I would have been. I told myself, "You have to get this ball down to win the tournament, but if you miss it there will still be a playoff tomorrow." So I felt good and hit the putt firmly. It was a good thing I did. The putt broke off to the left much faster than I expected it would, but it went in with something to spare. If I had hit it any lighter it might have missed. If it had, four rounds of what I consider the best golf I have ever played, tee to green, would have been wasted, and those nice people at Augusta National might have wound up measuring Tony Lema for that green coat. **END**



5	470	4	6	Sneed	184
5	445	4	12	Player	171
0	155	3	16		
5	475	5	4	Lema	190
0	420	4	8		
5	520	5	2		
5	190	3	18		
5	400	4	14		
5	420	4	10		
5	3485	36			

such a spot to both the front and the back of the green. By knowing where the pin was placed and where his ball was in relation to the marking point, he could determine quite accurately the distance to the cup and therefore could pick the proper club. Some holes are blank, because the shots into there do not vary, or distance is not the prime factor. Note that Nicklaus mistakenly joined the figures for No. 5 beside No. 4.

daisy and into the cup for a birdie 4

This left me one shot behind. On the 14th hole I missed a birdie putt of 12 feet because the ball broke left just where I thought it would turn right. After I had hit my tee shot on 15, my caddy told me that Sneed had bogeyed 16 and that I was now tied with Sneed and Player for the lead. Here I got another par on a hole that could have been disastrous. My drive had rolled against an old divot approximately three inches long and one and a half inches wide. The ball would have to fly through the edge of this small clump of dried turf. I was planning to

# THE POKER IN THE SMOKER

Seven-card stud and draw are the games for some happy exurban commuters. They are played by such swingers as Eliot the Brain Surgeon, Lucky Louis and Al the Ear Tugger

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

**B**ridge is the great American middle-class game and, as might be expected, it is the favorite diversion of card-playing commuters on trains throughout the country. Bridge is played on the Long Island, Pennsylvania, New Haven, Lackawanna, Chicago & North Western and Southern Pacific railroads. It is also played on the New York Central lines—with one important exception. On the Hudson River division of the Central, poker, not bridge, is the time-passing game on trains running back and forth between Grand Central Station and

Harmon, N.Y., 35 miles to the north.

This is not the ordinary poker you play in a friend's home on a Saturday night. This is poker as played and kibitzed in the smoking car morning and evening by such characters as Eliot the Brain Surgeon, Lucky Louis and Al the Ear Tugger. Instead of the polite murmurings of a serious bridge game, the Harmon smoker-poker special vibrates with such shouts and imprecations as "Deal, gowff!" "Shut up!" and "You and your lousy two pair!" Smoker poker has its own rules and practices. At first

glance, they may appear to be blunt and crude, but they have been forged and honed by the unusual conditions of play.

In either direction, the train trip along the Hudson takes an hour. The idea behind smoker poker is to cram in as many hands as possible and yet have each pot as fat as possible. As a result, the varieties of poker played are either draw or seven-card stud. Five-card stud is out; it does not offer enough heart-stopping possibilities. Wild cards are out, and so are games like "baseball" and "high-low." ("In a lurching car, with four

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guys sitting down and four standing up, there's enough confusion already," says Eliot the Brain Surgeon. To speed play, you can open on anything in draws. The cards are barely shuffled, and there is no cut. Why waste half a minute? And since all the players want to get as much action as possible, most of them stay through a hand with a holding they ordinarily would abandon early. Naturally, there is more than the usual number of flushes and full houses. When Eliot the Brain Surgeon says, "Full," Lucky Lous is likely to respond, "How high?" Sometimes you think they're playing with a pinochle deck.

The smoker poker game has been going on for 13 years. Eliot the Brain Surgeon—unlike most smoker poker players, he does not mind disclosing his full name, which is Eliot Stark—and a friend, a theatrical press agent, started it. The friend has since dropped out, but co-founder Eliot plays on even though he is not permitted to sit down in the game. He deals so ineptly ("He has the hands of a brain surgeon," a player once cracked, thereby giving Eliot his nickname) that he has been banished to standing in the aisle. Only fast shufflers are permitted to sit down in the seats. Eliot is likely the first commuter in the country to have clocked 221,772 miles standing.

The question has been asked, why is poker and not bridge played on the Harmon train? The answer is twofold. First, Eliot and his friend preferred poker. "Poker is a game for extraverts," says Eliot, a corporate public relations man who once handled Jayne Mansfield. Second, even if Eliot and his friend had not started the game, someone else on the train probably would have. The Harmon trains serve the village of Croton-on-Hudson and, to put it mildly, Croton is considerably different from other commuter towns. It has been called Greenwich Village pregnant. Settled by Italian immigrants who came to cut stone for the Croton Reservoir dam in the early 1900s, it was "discovered" later by artistic Bohemians and political radicals yearning for the simple life. There is a minimum of Madison Avenue types. Through the years Croton has remained somewhat rural and nonconformist. It is a town of interesting individuals. Two main "industries" are think tanks. One is the Institute for Motivational Research, headed by Dr. Ernest Dichter,



*Brooks Brothers would have to close up shop if it depended on the Harmon trade.*

who is trying to sell everyone on the idea that automobiles are a sex symbol. The other is the Hudson Institute, where Dr. Herman Kahn and his team of nuclear strategists are assessing the various ways that nations can blow everyone up efficiently. So what else would you get from such a place but poker players?

The best way to capture the essence of Croton is to stand on the Harmon station platform some wintry morning when the wind is blowing in from the river, the snow swirls across the tracks and the air brakes of the trains spout geysers of steam. Instead of Brooks Brothers garb, the commuters are done up in fur hats, berets and greatcoats tailored in Belgrade at the turn of the century. On a Monday morning, it is easy to pick out the smoker poker players from the rest of this crowd. They are the ones who are smoking. The rest are glum at the thought of leaving their woodland retreats after the weekend, but the poker players seem happy to be going back to work. Actually, they're overjoyed about getting back to the game. Who said anything about work? Conversely, on Friday evenings, the regular commuters are elated while the poker players are depressed. Two whole lousy days to waste before the game on Monday morning!

The original game Eliot started is still

going on the 8:15. There are games on the 7:23 and the 9:02, but these are sons of the 8:15. For instance, the 9:02 crowd is made up of former 8:15ers who 1) can now afford to indulge in banker's hours or 2) are feuding with someone in the 8:15 game.

When the 8:15 pulls in, the regular commuters clamber aboard the first two cars like Chinese refugees abandoning Nanking. The poker players peel off and head for the third car, a smoker. Before the train pulls out, a couple of hands are already dealt. The stakes are a modest quarter and a half. Usually there is one game, with seven or eight players participating and about half a dozen kibitzers hanging over the seats. At Oswego, the next stop down the line, up to three more players may join the game. (One morning they almost didn't. The conductor was so interested in the hand being played that he forgot to let the Oswego passengers on until they started banging on the doors.)

The three most prominent players in the game are Morris, Eliot and Dave. That's because they make the most noise. Morris tries to distract the other players with a constant line of aimless chatter. He openly admits this. "I'm trying to take your mind off the game, fellos," he announced gaily one morning when told to pipe down. The only players who can

*continued*

make him be still are Jimmy and Jack, ordinarily quiet players. When Morris gets carried away talking, Jimmy and Jack start a cross-table conversation about golf. Morris can't stand golf. When a tournament like the Masters is on, Morris stays silent. Eliot is perhaps the zaniest player. Exiled to the aisle, he is always the slowest to arrange his hand and get his money down. While the other players fume, he searches one pocket and then another for change. If he decides to raise, he may blow half the trip. In a draw game, he is at his worst. On any number of occasions he has broken up

you. You don't, and he cackles again. He may have bluffed you. With Dave it's impossible to figure the cackle.

Dave's good luck charm is Al the Ear Tugger. Al never plays. He only watches. He has been watching so long he has become a part of the game. He keeps the books. If Eliot owes Lucky Louis \$3 or vice versa, Al notes this in a little book. If a player doesn't have a match, Al lights his cigarette. Al has a fresh deck of cards in his pocket. Al is equipped for every emergency. Should the lights go out, Al whips out a flashlight. This is his busiest time. Each player is screaming for Al to put the light on his hand, and at the same time all of them are yelling for him to keep it on the pot. But even when things are going routinely, Al is busy. He is tugging Dave's left ear. Between cackles, Dave explains this brings good luck. For extra special luck, Al also scratches Dave's back. "Once I scratched his back for the whole trip and he won a bundle," Al says. One day Dave brought his young son along. The boy noticed Al tugging his father's left ear, so he tugged the right one. By the time the train reached Grand Central, Dave's ears were red and swollen.

With Eliot fumbling for change, Morris talking for diversion, Dave cackling and Al tugging, the game rolls along in fine fashion until 125th Street, the next to last stop. Here the stakes automatically double, and the normally wild tempo of the game becomes explosive. There are just 11 minutes left to play. Not only are the losers trying to make up their losses (one player is known as Styxie, because he is such a fast finisher), but Abe enters the game. Until a couple of years ago, Abe lived in Croton and played the game regularly. Then he moved to Larchmont, served by the New Haven railroad. To Abe's horror, the New Haven abounds in Madison Avenue types who play bridge in the morning and read the stock tables in the *World-Telegram* at night. He had to make some sort of a break. So every morning, Abe takes the 8:35 New Haven train from Larchmont, rides 22 minutes to 125th

Street, where he disembarks and waits seven minutes for the 8:15 from Harmon. Not a moment is wasted. On the platform he flexes his fingers in warmup, tilts back his hat and assumes a sprinter's crouch. The instant the 8:15 arrives, he charges aboard to the cry of "Deal me in!" When Abe lived in Croton he was a daring player. Now that he has only 11 minutes to play, he approaches the game with all the zeal of Willie Sutton left alone in the U.S. Mint. "We think Abe moved to Larchmont on purpose," Eliot says, "just so he could come on fresh and give it to us quick."

One morning when there was a new player in the game, everyone dropped out but the newcomer and Abe. When the newcomer dropped out also, the other players screamed that he should have stayed. They all simply assumed Abe was bluffing—he doesn't have time to wait for a good hand—and they had quit solely because they figured the newcomer had a winning hand. It is a rule that one of the regulars must stay, no matter how poor his cards, to keep Abe honest. This is a difficult chore, demanding the self-sacrifice of a *Kamikaze* pilot.

The lure of the game has marked the lives of other expatriates of Croton. A few years ago a fellow named Fred rented a summer cottage in Croton. He was accepted into the game and played every morning and evening. When he had to return to his home in Manhattan in September, he couldn't stand the separation. Every night after work he would run over to Grand Central to catch the evening game on the 5:38 to Harmon. When the train reached Harmon, he would dash up the station stairs and down another set to jump aboard the 6:34 back to New York. The 6:34 is a local making 20 stops, and Fred didn't get home until 8. He did this for six months. When he quit, the regular players figured he lacked stamina. Another player, Don, who lived in Croton the year round, moved to New Rochelle, 25 miles to the southeast. Don had his days off in the middle of the week, and whenever he needed a haircut, which was about every other week, he would go to Manhattan via Harmon. He would spend an hour driving to the Harmon station, catch the 8:15, get his hair cut in the city and kill the rest of the day wandering around until it was time for the 5:38. He would drive home from Harmon in the dark. All told, he spent 12 hours to



The man from Larchmont is ready to go at 125th Street.

put hands to, as he once put it in a loud aside, "sucker the other guys in." Usually he suckers himself right out, but he gets his kicks that way. On the other hand, he is also capable of staging the most outrageous bluffs. Once he and a player named Horace were the only two left in a game. "Can you beat queens?" Horace asked hesitantly. "Of course," said Eliot, shuffling down a half dollar. Horace threw in his hand, and Eliot raked in the pot. He only had a pair of 6s. It is little wonder that Horace now catches the 9:02.

Dave gets on at Ossining. He is a good player, but what throws the others off balance is his cackle. Someone will have aces showing, but Dave will get a deuce and he will cackle. It is unnerving. In draw, he is devastating. He will take three cards and cackle. He will stand pat and cackle. You see him, and he'll beat

get in two hours of smoker poker. The regular players see nothing out of the ordinary in this. If you like to play, you play. If you don't, you don't. A few weeks ago, a former Croton resident named Paul showed up on the evening train. For the past three years he had been living in Europe, renting out his house in Croton. When he walked up to the game, he got not one word of greeting. Instead, one of the players growled, "You're light." The game was on.

When the morning train finally reaches Grand Central, the smoker poker players and the kibitzers adjourn en masse to the Gateway Restaurant, where the big winner pays for coffee and Danish. (A bitter loser may try to get even by ordering scrambled eggs with pancakes on the side.) Most of the players, who have been smoking cigars and pipes on the train, haven't had breakfast yet. When they trudge into the Gateway, Tex, the waitress, greets them with, "Hello, misérables."

Although some of the players have been in the game for years, few of them know the others' last names or occupations. It wasn't until Lucky Louis' picture appeared in the Croton weekly that the other players learned his last name. By general agreement, it was none of their business to ask. If a smoker poker player runs into another player and his wife around Croton, it is an offense of the worst order to mention the game. Debts are never discussed in public, not even if a player encounters the debtor in the grocery loading up on *pâté de foie gras*. Some wives, of course, are aware that their husbands play. Lucky Louis' wife, for example, knows it. When they decided to watch their budget some time ago, she at first thought of giving up the maid. Then she explained she just couldn't bear to take that step, so Lucky Louis nobly agreed to help out by playing on the train only one way.

Lucky Louis may be the most typical of the players. He got into the morning game three years ago in customary fashion. For two months he hung over an adjacent seat as an apprentice kibitzer. An apprentice kibitzer who wants to get in the game may make only approving, clucking sounds. He may not grunt in disgust or offer verbal criticism. If he does, he's at once tagged as a full-fledged heckler and the odds are overwhelming that he'll be rejected if he asks to play. After two months of apprentice kibitz-

*continued*



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# GUIDE-MATIC

**AUTOMATIC HEADLIGHT CONTROL**

**GUIDE LAMP DIVISION**  
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### SMOKER POKER *continued*

ing, Lucky Louis became a full-time general kibitzer. He was then allowed to make approving statements instead of sounds. When he saw Eliot break up a full house in draw, he would say, "Beautifully played." Of course, all the while Lucky Louis was serving up such blandishments, he was carefully noting the strategies of the players. (A fat lot of good this did him. It is one thing to watch as a kibitzer and something else again to be swept up in the vortex of smoker poker.) Then one day, when one of the regulars failed to show, Lucky Louis offered to take his place. He didn't ask if he could play; that would sound as though they were doing him a favor. Instead, his tone implied that he wanted to help them out. After a brief, silent interlude, during which the players rolled their eyes back and forth at one another in mute discussion, they assented. Louis was in the game to stay.

But Louis still didn't have a seat. As a newcomer, he had to stand in the aisle with Eliot. Then, when one of the sitters was absent a couple of days later, Louis apologetically took his place. Through the years now, the seat—next to the window, facing forward—became his. If Lucky Louis doesn't show up tomorrow, the seat will be saved, at least until the train reaches Ossining.

In many ways, Lucky Louis lives for the game. "I'm set up for the day when

I win and I'm down when I lose," he says. "Isn't that awful? I'm 'yed' by it. Even when I'm losing, I love the public display. Some of my pleasure in the game is the guy hanging over my shoulder watching me try to fill an inside straight. It's a heady feeling—you feel as though you've got to go for the straight just for this guy." On occasion, Lucky Louis could catch an earlier train home in the evening, but he finds himself hanging around for the 5:38. On the other hand, if he thinks he might miss the train, he'll find himself thinking up excuses to get out of the office.

The front smoker of the 5:38 is usually jammed. Here the players from the morning 7:23, 8:15 and 9:02 meet in a sort of Stanley Cup playoff. There may be as many as half a dozen games going, along with a nickel-dime game for younger commuters hoping to work their way up. On the 5:38, the stakes double at the Tappan Zee Bridge at Tarrytown, 20 minutes from Harmon. "It's amazing what keen eyesight losers have," Lucky Louis says. "There are some guys who can see that bridge while we're still in the tunnel at Grand Central."

Morning or evening, the game thoroughly engrosses all hands. At the Ear Tugger says that recently one of the veterans happened to glance out the window. "Hey, fellows!" he cried in excitement. "Look! A river!"

END





*From trout to tuna, Canada is famous for its fishing*

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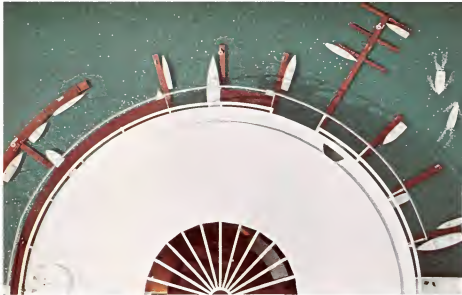
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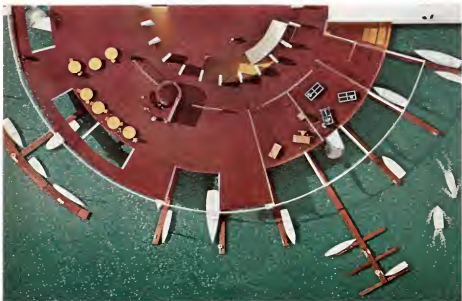
# AN IDEAL YACHT CLUB

SHOULD BE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE SPORT IT IS DESIGNED FOR. IN THE MODEL PICTURED HERE, AND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, A FORMER STAR CLASS RACING CHAMPION WHO IS ALSO A LEADING CALIFORNIA ARCHITECT OUTLINES IN DETAIL HIS IDEA OF WHAT THE PERFECT YACHT CLUB SHOULD BE





At the center of all the action





**T**ake a yacht club—any yacht club—on an ordinary summer afternoon. Out on the floats an outboard sailor is tinkering with his engine. Near by, a racing sailboat is tied up, but its owner is 300 yards away, drying his sails on the grassplot just above the beach. On the other side of the clubhouse where the marine railway leads up to the boatyard, an amateur ship's carpenter is scraping the bottom of a hauled-out boat far from the cooling comfort of the club bar. Meanwhile, half a mile or more out on the bay, a fleet of class boats is rounding the leeward mark

Lido Isle estate), he has spent most of his 35 years racing sailboats, from tiny Sabots and Snowbirds on up to mighty ocean-treading greyhounds like Howard Ahmanson's *Sirius II*. In 1958 he raced his Star to a world championship.

"The architecture of any yacht club should be an outgrowth of all the club's functions," Ficker says. "Its activities should be integrated, as they are in many golf clubs. There the locker rooms, bar and dining rooms are all handy to the first tee and the last green. The whole club membership is projected into the game of golf, and that concept can be applied to yachting." In the half-model shown on the preceding pages and at left (with roof removed in the lower picture), Ficker shows what it takes to make a yacht club ideal.

In Ficker's dream club three basic ideas are employed to bring the disparate activities of an average yacht club together.

First, the club is projected into the water, with a ramp walkway leading out from the shore.

Second, the club is a three-level structure, with each level coordinated in the service of the club as a whole.

Third, and most visually dramatic, the club is round. "I didn't start out with a round building," Ficker explains. "I started out seeking a meaningful relationship between inside and outside activity. The people inside should feel the excitement on

the water—boats docking and leaving, boats racing, flags, sails, masts, sun—and with so many things going on at once, it seemed best to allow the activity to turn on an axis. Hence the round design."

Because of its circular design, Ficker's club serves its members as a dramatic theater-in-the-round where, appropriately, yachting becomes the scenery. "Imagine a party on a halm night," Ficker suggests. "Everyone in gowns and white dinner jackets, the walls opened to a warm breeze and, outside, completely encircling the club, a lighted backdrop of rigging and masts and yachts—a fantastic background for a formal party!"

Doors ring the club's lowest level, radiating outward like spokes from the hub of a wheel. A small railway circles the outside edge of this level, allowing easy movement of hauled-out boats and heavy gear.

In the center of the lowest level are maintenance and storage facilities—the club's boatyard—together with rest rooms, lockers, showers and a kitchen serving the dining rooms above.

Circular stairways wind around the kitchen on the boatyard deck up to the second level, where all social events take place. Here from the dining room and the bar (indicated by the yellow tables at left) members can look down on boatyard and docks through large open areas in the floor and get an unobstructed view of the bay waters beyond from the club's

*continued*

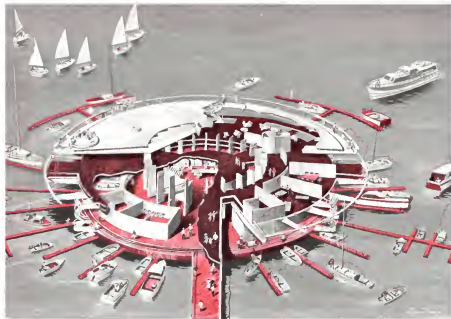
## stands the clubhouse

amid a flutter of spinnakers invisible to the members and guests gathered in the seclusion of the dining room.

"Where's Oad?" someone may ask. "I think he took the station wagon and went down to the boatyard," will come the answer. "Well, I'll see if I can find him. I'll meet you up in the bar later, and then maybe we can find a boat and get out to see the races."

"In the ideal yacht club," says Bill Ficker, a tall, bald and lanky Californian, "comments like these, indicating a wide separation of activities, would never be heard." Ficker ought to know. A prosperous architect who has designed many of the fashionable Newport Harbor homes (including Briggs Cunningham's

MODEL BY ROBERT STOWELL



## YACHT CLUB *continued*

wide, balconylike overhanging tier. Spiral stairs (at "12 o'clock," "4 o'clock" and "8 o'clock" in the drawing above) wind upward to the club roof, the third level, which serves as an open grandstand complete with platform for the race committee ("9 o'clock"). Here spectators can watch races going on in the waters near by, or just relax in the sun and the breeze.

Just as impressive is the flexibility of Ficker's design. "This can't be a rigid, unchangeable thing," he says. "It's got to be adaptable to the area in which it is built. Take esthetics for example. In southern California, where I live, the severe, modern lines I've suggested here in the model would go quite well. On the

other hand, the character of the Northwest is woody, and people that sail there might want to change the club's lines for a more traditional appearance.

"Construction materials and building costs will also vary according to location," Ficker goes on. "The design I've shown here is concrete, which I consider ideal in most instances. It weathers well, requires little maintenance, and its mass—its brute resisting force—would be an advantage in a place like Florida, where violent hurricane winds or a battering sea could be expected. Still, other materials, such as wood or steel, might be more readily available, and these certainly could be utilized with the same idea.

Naturally, since I am simply envisioning an ideal, I can afford to say, 'Damn the expense.' The building as shown would come high. I would estimate the cost at around \$500,000 in warm climates, where the weather is gentle, but this cost would rise sharply in climates where insulation and central heating become a problem. The general concepts, however, could easily be trimmed and pruned to a far smaller scale and a less ambitious design."

Tradition, a vital element in any yacht club, takes on new excitement in Ficker's arrangements. Brightly lighted trophy cabinets, pictures of club commodores, of great races and famous yachts are spread throughout the sec-

ond level, not confined to any one room. "The concourse around the main ballroom would be a walkway through a museum," he says. "With the readily movable panels that form the interior compartments, emphasis can be placed on any special area. For example, if a significant trophy is being raced for, it could be set apart from all the others and accented with panels around it. And since there are no corners to consider, and such vast spaces are available, there is virtually no end to the dramatic variations possible. The important thing to remember," says Sailor-Architect Ficker, "is that the principal function of a yacht club is yachting."

—ARTHUR ZICH

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_  
COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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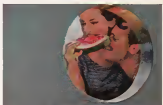
**UNDER WAY**—15 to 20 knot breeze. Perfect weather for White Stag deck jackets and Jamaica shorts in Wellington Sears Sanforized-Plus Topsail®.



**GREAT DAY**—sensation of sun, wind, salt spray on the face. The great sailing look: White Stag.

**LEFT:** Deck Jacket is sailcloth. Small sailor collar closes up tight against rough weather with a neat throat latch. Pockets in unexpected places, 8-18, \$11.00. Sea Parka with zip-front closing, drawstring hood, 8-18, \$13.00. Sailcloth Jamaica shorts, 6-20, \$6.00. **RIGHT:** Catamaran II—longer-length cotton knit pullover with bold, brave tri-color vane-width stripes, S-M-L, \$5.00. Sailcloth Deck Pants, 8-20, \$8.00.

**LUNCH**—on deck, it's more delicious, more fun.





**BEACH PICNIC**—steel band provides the magic. Sanforized-Plus provides the imperturbable neat look ashore in White Stag separates and step-in shift. Pants and shift in Topsail, the original sailcloth—good sailors' choice for deck wear, leisure wear.

**ABOVE:** Sailing Flowers knit shirt, S-M-L, \$8.00. Sailcloth Southampton pants, 8-20, \$8.00. Sailcloth Bermuda Cover, 8-16, \$9.00.



**GOING ASHORE**—great explorations ahead. Great discoveries in boat launch. White Stag shorts and bare-armed tops.



**STRAW MARKET**—best buy everywhere—the crew's unwinked look in Wellington Sears Sanforized Plus sailcloth



**LATE DAY**—Old hands now, the crew relaxes. Correct on-deck appearance assured by Sanforized Plus, Wellington Sears, White Stag.



**DRYING OFF**—after-swim luxury of the sun and White Stag's terry shift. **FINALE**—happy ending to a perfect ten-day cruise.

**TOP LEFT:** Turtle top, S-M-L, \$3.00. Surfboy shorts, multi-co or leg panels, 6-14, \$7.00. Windjammer colors. Skiff top, scoop-necked pull-over in cotton knit, S-M-L, \$4.00. Again, with Sea-cloth Jamaica shorts. **TOP RIGHT:** Sailing Shift with elasticized bottom for swimwear cover up, drawstring hood, 8-18, \$11.00. Sea Legs pants. Turtle top with Sea Legs pants. Lowered naval-cut wardrobe white braided-trimmed, 6-16, \$9.00. **BOTTOM LEFT:** Turtle top over Bermuda length Dork Skirt, 6-16, \$8.00. Cotton knit Polo Skirt, S-M-L, \$4.00 with Shoreline Skirt, 8-18, \$8.00. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** Sandpiper Shift in cotton knit slanting terry, S-M-L, \$11.00.



The new Mercedes-Benz 300SE Sedan, on the test track at Untertürkheim.

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You too should try this great Mercedes-Benz, at your dealer's. This week. And ask him how you can save the cost of a vacation in Europe—by taking delivery there.



## The flying lady of the Flying Dutchman

National champion sailor Pat Duane, housewife and mother, is the first woman to skipper a boat in the Pan American Games. She may well leave the best male sailors of the hemisphere wallowing far astern

This week some 372 skillful North Americans, the largest U.S. sports squad ever assembled for a foreign event, are competing in São Paulo, Brazil against athletes from 23 other Western Hemisphere nations in the fourth Pan American Games. Not the least among them is a blue-eyed blonde who mixes championship competition with the housewifely chores incident to bringing up two children and catering to a husband in Delray Beach, Fla.

With that same husband serving as crew, and the children in the charge of a baby-sitter at home, Pat Duane, 32, will skipper a trapeze-rigged Flying Dutchman class sailboat against the best sailors in the entire hemisphere. As it happens, she is the first woman from any country ever to skipper a boat in the Pan American Games, and if she sails true to previous form, the men from Brazil, from Canada, and from all the other nations will end up securely in her wake.

The unchevalrous fact is that men have been trying to beat Pat for years—ever since, at age 11, she swung down out of a maple tree in her Long Island backyard, hoisted a bedspread on an oar fastened to a rowboat and ventured forth on Manhasset Bay to accept the challenge of the local boys. "They seldom won," she says now. In one of her scrapbooks, alongside a press clipping telling of an early victory, Pat, then 17, wrote: "I later discovered that Teddy and Tommy had teamed up to beat me—but to no avail!" Another entry reveals that the boy next door, who crewed for her, was "unenthusiastic." "I had to get rid of him," Pat explains gravely today.

In general, this attitude proved reciprocal until Pat ran into a brash and handsome young Colgate man named Jack Duane in 1950. He met her on a blind date at Mt. Holyoke College when Pat was a sophomore, bought her a beer and made his first mistake. He bragged about his sailing. "I'd sailed across a lake once when I was at camp," he explains now. "I sort of embellished the crossing." Pat listened, then told him, "How interesting. I sail, too." Two years later she married him in an Army chapel in Hawaii, where Jack was stationed, and began teaching him to sail in earnest. "He learned real quickly," Pat says sincerely. Jack smiles grimly. "If I didn't," he says, "I wouldn't be here now."

In April of '53, with Jack a civilian and a brief, comical stint of ocean racing behind them ("What in hell am I doing here?" Jack shouted in the teeth of a 48-mile-an-hour gale as water crept over the lower bunks below), the Duanes moved to Florida, and for the next three years the grumbings of masculine discontent were stilled. "There was no place to sail," Pat explains. But on Labor Day 1956, Pat won a Moth class regatta with three consecutive firsts, and the men were on the run again.

READY FOR FAIR WEATHER OR FOUL, SKIPPER DUANE RIGS HER BOAT FOR RACING



continued

Pat won nine of her next 10 races and went into the Sunshine Regatta for the Moth class in Miami, with the masculine rumblings sounding like guns of war. The 136-boat field included three International and two North American champions, but when the last boat had crossed the finish line, Pat Duane was tied on points with Don Lapp, then world Moth champion. Under Moth rules, the title was hers because she had beaten Lapp in two of the three races. But the members of the race committee would not hear of it. They applied the Snipe class scoring system, a complicated piece of arithmetical squares which, in this case, was as irrelevant as a football rule book. Pat lost by eight points. "I was a little miffed," her sympathetic husband says now with understatement.

The following October, Pat won the world Moth championship and went on to win the regatta she had lost on scoring the year before. Then, in 1958, she abandoned her 11-foot Moth for a 20-foot Flying Dutchman, and her husband, accepting the inevitable, signed on as crew.

That summer, in the Long Island Sound FD championships, they took a second. In Red Bank, N.J. they finished fourth. And in St. Michaels, Md., at the Flying Dutchman North Americans, they took a sixth. "That was the one we felt good about," says Pat. "Two Olympians beat us, and the other three were pretty close to Olympic caliber. Our sails were awful; we hardly knew the boat. But we got to thinking maybe we had a future in it."

A year later, in the North American championships, they won the first race, then crossed the line early for the second and had to go back. Halfway up the weather leg, the jib blew out, and Jack discovered what it meant to be the husband of a competitive star, a sailor who would be the official women's champion of North America the next year. "I quit," he said, and threw down his glove. "All 43 boats have gone around the mark."

"We're not quitting," his skipper replied. Jack put the glove back on again and ran the jib up on the spinnaker halyard.

"All of a sudden," he relates now, "the slot opened up, and we started to fly. We passed 36 boats." And by the end of the series, Pat had come from behind to win the North American FD title by 5 3/4 points—a considerable margin for such high-level competition.

*continued*

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By March of last year Pat's collection of sailing titles and the reputation that grew with it had preceded her to the World Flying Dutchman Week Regatta, and both were the talk of Europeans gathered for the event in St. Petersburg, Fla. "In Europe," Jack explains, "women don't compete in sailing; they stand on the shore and have dinner ready. European sailors couldn't believe an American girl could be that good. The Italians, the Dutch, the French, the Russians—they'd come down to look at our boat, talking their own language. And then they would point to Pat and I'd hear 'la donna,' 'la femme,' 'shevshina.'"

When Pat won the regatta, a sturdy Dutchman looked sadly at the empty boat of his nation's representative, then walked to the side of the American boat and murmured reverently, "I never believed a woman could beat Verhagen."

Pat Duane won the right to represent the U.S. in São Paulo in characteristic fashion by beating a man who thought he had won. A Canadian took the North American championship last August, but Pat and Arthur Lange, New Jersey's fine Jet 14 sailor, were the highest placed Americans, perilously close in score. Whoever got most points would go to São Paulo. As the last race began, Lange got out in front and stayed there in fluky, shifting winds. Pat had to pass four boats to make a point total great enough to beat him. "We were 12th around the mark into the downwind leg to the finish," Jack says. "The air was light as air. Pat broke out a 34-ounce zephyr spinnaker. Lange was watching from the yacht club dock. He couldn't stand it. He went back inside. Pat was steering with her knees, pumping the spinnaker with her hands on the sheet and guy."

"Don't reach for the cigarettes," Pat told her crew sharply as he started to upset the balance. They passed a boat.

"Keep the chute full," Pat shouted. "Don't let the spinnaker break!" They passed another.

"Don't move your head," she whispered. Jack became rigid. Silently they eased by a third.

Two hundred feet from the finish line, with Pat working the sheet and guy as if they were threads of a cobweb, they slid past the fourth boat. Pat was off to São Paulo.

"It was up to her," Jack Duane says of his wife's triumph. "I couldn't do anything. I just sat there."

END



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## Slicked up to chase the booming beetle

Volkswagen rivals at the New York auto show unleashed pretty girls and hopeful predictions, but Germany's bestselling bug was far ahead



PERKY BUTTERCUP GIRLS ATTRACTED VIEWERS TO CUTAWAY OF BEETLE-CHASING MG

Mr. Carl H. Hahn is a German who makes a handsome living selling beetles to Americans. Beetles are also known as Volkswagens. As the Bismarck of beetledom in this country, it is Hahn's custom to launch a spring offensive each year at the time of New York's International Automobile Show. And each year the Volkswagen pokes its homely, but evidently lovable, nose a little deeper into American life.

As the 1963 show opened last weekend for a nine-day run (through April 21) in Manhattan's capacious Coliseum, the Volkswagen was clearly supreme among the imports. Spectators strolling amid the gloss and glitter of 500 cars from 10 countries may have lingered longer over the highfalutin Rolls-Royces from England. They discovered greater novelty in the elegant German Mercedes 230SL and Franco's Simca 1000, a new starter in the economy car stakes.

But when it came to sales figures, the Volkswagen was incomparable. (This assessment naturally excludes Detroit cars, which, although heavily represented, yield pride of place to the imports at the New York show.) "We are," said Hahn matter-of-factly, "everybody's enemy No. 1. We expect to sell more than 250,000 Volkswagens here this year. That would be a new record and an increase of about 12% over the 222,740 [including 30,170 trucks and buses] for 1962."

When one reflects that the American sales of all foreign cars added up to only 339,160 for 1962, it is easy to see why the beetle makes other foreign builders nervous.

Nevertheless, the New York show always brings forth brave, even defiant, talk of beetle-battling. The most voluble beetle-baiters last week were Vincent Grob, U.S. chief for France's state-owned Renault factory, and H.J.L. Suf-

*continued*

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field, the British Motor Corporation's man in America. "Without question," said Grob, a tall, intense individual, "Volkswagen has installed a kingdom here. But we feel completely ready to attack again."

It was in the rosy year 1959, when the imports reached a peak of 614,000 U.S. sales before beginning a steep decline, that Renault was indeed attacking—scoring sales of 85,000 as compared to 114,000 for Volkswagen. But as the Volkswagen rolled ahead the Renault went into reverse—down to 30,000 for 1962. Even so, that figure took second place among the imports.

Last week Grob was in approximately the position of Marshal Joffre at the Marne in 1914—under extreme pressure from a German force, yet preparing to counterattack. Joffre had, among other things, his famous taxi army as savior. Grob has an improved Dauphine as his basic weapon, plus the roomier, more powerful Renault R-8 and the sporty Caravelle.

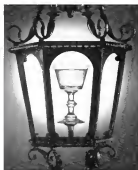
#### ... and automatic transmission, too

The Dauphine most closely approximates the Volkswagen and at \$1,495 (East Coast P.O.E.) costs \$100 less. Like it is small and rear-engine and has a top speed of about 72 mph. "We have added," said Grob, "more than 100 improvements to the Dauphine since 1958 or 1959. Now, for \$130 extra, we are offering a fully automatic transmission."

"In terms of product, sales and service, I am sure we can meet American requirements. In my opinion, the imported-car market will grow again to the 600,000 sales it enjoyed in 1959. But only the major European manufacturers will have the resources to stay in it significantly. We hope to increase our sales to 40,000 this year and go ahead from there."

Grob, plainly not a man to overlook any relevant detail, displayed not only his Renaults but also a platoon of feigning show girls. His nearest rival in a show notable for its high ratio of feminine flesh to fenders was British Motors' Safford.

In the BMC camp, Safford's "gaggle of gigglers," as he termed them, pranced prettily in yellow frocks and bonnets. They were the come-on for BMC's MG and Austin Healey sports cars and MG sports sedans, the latter England's hope in the Volkswagen struggle. Like BMC's boxy, amazingly agile little Austin 850 (which sells well elsewhere but hasn't yet



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caught on in America), the 82-mph sedan wears its engine crosswise in front and has front-wheel drive. It boasts a unique "hydraulic" suspension system that is said to solve the pitching problem, the hohblyhorsing common to most short-wheelbase cars.

"I think," said Suffield, a spare, gray-haired Briton, "that it has the potential to compete with the Volkswagen. I don't think anything can succeed if it is built cheaper or if it looks cheaper than cars locally produced. As an American you can be different but, as an American, you cannot be cheap. The MG sports sedan is different and at \$1,898 only slightly dearer than the Volkswagen."

"I think it will appeal to the one and a quarter million Volkswagen owners in this country who want to be graded up into something giving more performance, comfort and roadability. I think it will also appeal to the sports car owner who is beginning to raise a family and needs more space for basic transportation."

"The Austin 850 was possibly too much for America to digest in one go. If you got stuck at a traffic light between a Pontiac and a ruddy big Mercury you felt a bit unprotected. But I think the 850 will yet do well here."

"What we want now is steady expansion. We do not want to overproduce. We sold something over 20,000 cars in 1962, mostly sports cars. This year we hope to sell 20,000 sports cars and 20,000 sedans. Controlled expansion could possibly mean 150,000 sales for us here in four years' time."

Predictably, Hahn of Volkswagen



VW'S CARL HAHN IS SITTING PRETTY

was unalarmed. Son of one of the founders of the German Auto Union firm, he frolicked as a child in the workshop of Ferdinand Porsche, creator of the Volkswagen. He is young (36), brainy and cool. "The Volkswagen," he said, "is the best in its class from any point of view—economy of operation, resale value, quality of manufacture. It is assisted by an equally good sales and service organization."

"Our customers come from all economic levels and professional groups in the country. About one-half use the beetle as basic transportation, and about one-half as a second car. We say the more cars you have, the more economical it is to have the maximum number of Volkswagens among them."

"When we do not change the outside of the car it does not mean that we goof. We simply have found no better shape. In any case, our customers do not want to live under the terror of an annual exterior change, which always devalues a car."

"As you know, we are constantly improving the car's working components, all of which are advanced by today's standards. People today talk of aluminum as a wonderful new material for engines. We have made our engines of an even lighter metal, magnesium, for 15 years. We are by any standard the yardstick in our field."

As for the rest of the show, it was more evident than ever that Detroit had adopted such former European specialties as the bucket seat and the floor-mounted shift. But it was also apparent that the imported sports car was becoming Americanized. Britain's Rootes Motors, for instance, displayed its new Sunbeam Alpine GT, a 100-mph, \$2,749 sportster with removable hardtop. Said Rootes's J. T. Panks, who hopes to market 10,000 GTs by Christmas, "The hard-riding, noisy sports car that did sell here a few years ago attracts only a small segment of the market. Since we introduced the GT, with its stress on comfort features, our dealers have told us that we'll tap a wider market than we ever dreamed of."

Said Martin Tustin of Britain's Standard-Triumph, who also eyes the sports car buyer: "Our dealers are fantastically confident."

But it was on the beetle battleground that the highest prizes were to be won, and only the wildest optimists dreamed of actually overtaking Germany's bug-eyed buggy.

END

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SAN DIEGO	50	30
BING CROSBY	52	37
LUCKY OPEN	62	29
PALM SPRINGS	72	32
PGA SENIORS	242	32
PHOENIX OPEN	72	23
TUCSON OPEN	87	18
NEW ORLEANS	88	22
PENSACOLA	74	22
ST. PETERSBURG	97	29
SORAL	58	23
AZALEA	86	17
MASTERS	27	14
TOTAL	1324	489

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## JUST A SECOND

continued from page 13

same rules, called none. (Last year, National League umpires called only 48 balks in 812 games.) Pitchers were balking with about the same regularity in both leagues, but American League umpires are operating under some sort of mysterious astigmatism. The result is contented pitchers in the one league and pitchers who are going around talking to themselves in the other.

Like Bob Friend. The Pirates' ace is

later, Craig had pitched two and one-third innings and had been slapped with two balks, equaling his output in 233 innings last year.

Five days later Craig had figured out his own personal answer to the umpires. He started in the Sunday game against Milwaukee, and when the Braves put men on base Craig took no stretch at all. He merely placed the ball in his glove, held it at his belt buckle, and then pitched. Came the 10th inning and the game was a double shutout. Milwaukee managed to get a man on second and



Angry Manager Fred Hutchinson of Cincinnati Reds argues a balk call with the umpire.

a nervous right-handed pitcher and worrier whose problem is inconsistency. In 1958 he tied for winningest pitcher in baseball; the next year he tied for losingest. When something goes wrong with Friend's pitching, he broods. Last week he had put himself in the books with a broody new record: most balks in one season—6. It took nervous Robert a mere 17 innings of work to come to this ignominious beginning. Now he will have to go through the entire season insecure in the knowledge that every time he balks he will break his own National League record.

Friend is only one of several hard-shapen eases in the National League. Consider poor Roger Craig, who has enough troubles. At 1:15 p.m. on Opening Day Craig was sitting in a chair at the Polo Grounds, sipping a soft drink and waiting to pitch for the Mets. "I don't think I'll have any trouble with balks," he said. "The main problem seems to be that some pitchers aren't making that full one-second stop." Ninety minutes

Craig returned to his old style of pitching. On two consecutive pitches he failed to come to a full stop. But in this tense situation, neither balk was called, and Milwaukee was forced to win the game in the old-fashioned way: a sharp single to right. This was in contrast to an earlier game between the Cubs and Dodgers, when Los Angeles scored the winning run on a balk by Larry Jackson.

Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Reds, became so exercised over the haphazard law enforcement of the umps that he got himself thrown out of a game with the Phillies. "It's a mess," observed Hutch in language far different from the words he used on the umpires. "I'm unhappy with it all."

Warren Giles, the president of the National League, contends that he did not give any special instructions to the umpires with regard to the balk rule this year. "I just told them to enforce it," said Giles. "They have received the same instructions for years." One umpire had a different recollection of what the league

continued



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

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## JUST A SECOND *(continued)*

wanted done. "The National League official," he says, "has asked that the balk rule be rigidly enforced. This year we're going to be more emphatic about calling balks, because we've had instructions along these lines from the National League president."

Joe Cronin, the American League president, tries to explain why no balks have been called in his league this way. "A few years ago the American League had to go through the same phase that the National is now. The National League has evidently now decided to crack down on the balk just as we did."

Some crackdown. The American League is more lenient with the balk this year than even the American League itself was last year. In the American any type of pause in a pitcher's motion is accepted. Milt Pappas of the Baltimore Orioles, for instance, pauses hardly at all, as was clearly evident in his 4-1 win over the Yankees last week. Instead of calling balks on Pappas the umpires planned to warn the Orioles before Pappas' next starting assignment.

The disparity between the balk calls in the two leagues can be traced directly to one thing: the growing superiority of running speed within the National itself. In 1962 the Dodgers, Giants and Reds—the first three finishers in the league—stole 337 bases while the Yankees, Twins and Angels of the American League stole only 121. With that amount of speed to contend with, National League pitchers began to develop quick pitches to protect themselves, and some clubs moved to exploit or prevent fast get-aways on the base paths.

The Giants watered down first base to stop the speed of the Dodgers; the Dodgers hammered down their paths in Chavez Ravine, making them as fast as the brickyard at the Indianapolis "500."

Now, with the balk controversy under way, Gene Mauch, the manager of the Philadelphia Phils, says, "I firmly believe that Walter Alston of the Los Angeles Dodgers campaigned to get the balk rule enforced. I don't blame Alston if I had the kind of running speed his team has I'd have done the same thing. The balk rule has always been there but seldom enforced. I believe, too, that Alston encouraged some of his pitchers—Don Drysdale and Stan Williams, to be specific—to violate the balk rule to bring attention to the rule. Drysdale was quick-pitching and it would confuse the

runner and the hitters. Alston played both sides of the street to get this rule enforced. The Dodgers would complain about other pitchers and then let other teams complain about their pitching. That's pretty smart baseball."

Asked if he did teach Drysdale to balk in order to get the rule enforced and thus help his "Swift Set"—Maury Wills, Willie Davis, John Roseboro and Jim Gilliam—Alston said, "I guess I would have to answer that yes and no. If the balk rule isn't going to be called I want to know it. I want the same advantages for my pitchers that the others have. During 1961 I was tired of this business of pitchers not stopping. We had Drysdale take a couple of full windups, then a short windup and stop, and the runner goes and you've deceived the runner. He got away with it, but he got a warning on it. We haven't done it since. We were just trying to find out if they'd call it. The rule says you have to come to a set position for one second. The pitchers were coming to 'set' with slow runners like Frank Howard or Daryl Spencer on base, and not coming set with Maury Wills or Willie Davis. I think the umpires have been lax in past years about this business of coming set. Very few teams were stealing, and no one paid much attention to whether the pitcher stopped or not. Then two or three clubs started to run a little, and the pitchers took advantage of the laxity of the umpires. Personally, I think the fans like to see daring base running."

### Worse times ahead

Much of the confusion and anger over the balk situation results from a misapprehension by baseball people. Most of them apparently believed that the umpires would call balks in spring training and then forget about them when the championship season began. Sure enough, the American League has followed this old familiar pattern—but the National League has committed itself to continuing the spring enforcement. Things are likely to get worse, rather than better, for National League pitchers. It must be remembered that Maury Wills, who has the potential to scare more pitchers into balking than any other base runner in baseball, has played but six innings because of an injury. How many balks will there be when he returns, and how much added confusion and concern? And, if the present trend continues in each league, what will happen in the World Series?

END

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## BOSTON'S WIZARD

*continued from page 1*

men. He is Roben Goodfellow and he performs magic with a basketball. The prospect of going out a loser is unthinkable to Cousy. The Celtics have won four straight NBA championships, and this week are going for a fifth against western champion Los Angeles largely because, as part of their genius, they are able to get quite serious at the drop of a dilemma. When they run scared, they run well. Cincinnati scared them.

On the day of the seventh game of the series that Boston was supposed to have wrapped up in five, friendly neighborhood scalpers would sell you a \$2.50 ticket in the Boston Garden upper balcony for \$10. ("Boston loves a loser," explained one writer.) In his office next door, Celtic Coach Red Auerbach said two things really had him worried, Oscar Robertson, the Cincinnati nonpareil who had been a monster in the series (31.8 points per game), and Sid Borgia, the referee. The only thing he could do about Oscar, said Auerbach, was pray. Borgia, the league's chief of referees, he took care of by intimidation.

### Outplying the ref

Borgia is called "Big Poison" by the obliging Boston press, and Auerbach launches periodic verbal attacks on the referee. It is an old feud that gets loss of newspaper space. "I'm convinced," said Auerbach, "that it would be the highlight of his [Borgia's] career if he refereed the game in which we lost the championship. He doesn't like me and he doesn't like Cousy and he doesn't like the Celtics. It affects my team when they see him come out on the floor." (Auerbach won his cold war. Borgia refereed only one of the six previous playoff games with the Royals, and did not assign himself to the seventh.)

Sam Jones, Cousy's running mate at guard, came into Auerbach's office in midafternoon. He said he couldn't stay home—"not with two kids and the telephone ringing since 8 a.m."—and had tried a mushy Sophia Loren movie. Jones, forewarned that he would have to guard Robertson, told Auerbach he was "nervous" and Red said he wasn't exactly smooth waters himself. "Well then you're no good to me," said Sam, and went down and put on his warmup clothes and, alone, took practice shots for half an hour on the Garden floor. He said he would try to stop Oscar "my own

way," but didn't say what that might be.

Cousy had begun to feel the pressure "right here" the day before the game, could not eat and needed Nembutal to make him sleep. "People don't know what they're talking about when they say the older you are the less you notice the tension," he said. "Each day you have to prove yourself all over again. Age doesn't count. I haven't spoken to my wife on a game day in 12 years."

The Celtic dressing room, a forlorn cubicle so small no Celtic can afford to get a swelled head, was a moody place to be before the game. Visitors, self-conscious in the quiet, jingled the change in their pockets and left. "I've never seen the Celtics so solemn," said a Boston photographer. Auerbach tried a segregation joke on Bill Russell, the outstanding player in the league, and Russell, who alone seemed relaxed, shattered the room with the high, metallic ack-ack of his laughter. K. C. Jones lay on his back in one corner, a forearm over his eyes. Musclemann Jim Lesoutz, Auerbach's equalizer in a rough game, sipped at a cup of tea and advised Tom Sanders to do likewise. "Two bags, Tom," he said. "O.K., veteran," said Sanders.

A newspaper made the rounds, Sam Jones noted from it that the Mets had lost their first game of the season and already the press was making sport of them. "Poor old Mets," said Sam. A story in the paper quoted Russell. "Well, here we are again, another big game, and it's too bad things aren't sweeter. But we'll play. We'll play like hell." Tom Heinsohn studied the page carefully and then passed it on to K. C. Jones. It left them unaroused.

Walter Brown, the club owner, came in to give his official blessings, and on the way out said to Russell, "Don't let 'em have the hall tonight, Bill. Don't let any of them have it at all. Unless you see Borgia. Then hit him on the head with it." "Well, fellows, I've got my instructions," said Russell when Brown had gone. "What are your plans for the evening? Ack-ack-ack-ack-ack."

From the start of the game the purposefulness of the Celtics was evident. Especially Cousy's. One has to see Cousy to appreciate that he is still the most exciting player in basketball, and he was something to see against Cincinnati. With two days' rest, the Celtics were sharp, and Cousy led their charge downcourt, intoxicating the sellout crowd with his fancy passes to Russell, his over-the-head-with-nary-a-look toss to Heinsohn.

*Continued*





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## BOSTON'S WIZARD *continued*

as the two steamed toward the basket in single file, his bouncers to Sam Jones at the culmination of a fast break. At one point he made four of five Boston baskets; in another spurge he passed to Jones for three straight assists. He played 34 minutes, more than his physiology has been accustomed to lately.

Sam Jones, meanwhile, had thoughtfully practiced up for his best game ever. He made seven shots in a row in the first half, had 27 points by half time as Boston led by 68-64. The decision was cemented for the Celtics in the second half when Jones, on Cousy's passes, hit two

seven-eighths better than none. Yet L.A. had its troubles, largely because of Hawk Forward Cliff Hagan. So for the seventh game at Los Angeles the Lakers put their other All-Star, Elgin Baylor, on Hagan. Hampered by both a hand injury and Baylor, Hagan managed a mere two points, and the Lakers were in, 115-100, setting up the long-anticipated Boston vs. L.A. duel.

The finals, which began Sunday with Boston winning, 117-114, at Boston, promise to be a rare battle, partly because these are the very best teams in the business and partly because the rumors of a mutual loathing between the two are not at all false. "If my guys aren't



Celtics Coach Auerbach never lights his cigar until victory is sure. As his team led the Royals, he eyed the clock (left). Then, with two minutes to go, he risked a pensive puff.



straight, then moments later stole the ball from Robertson—the essence of audacity—and scored another to make it 81-70. "His way" of playing Robertson turned out to be 47 points scored to Oscar's 43. Defensively, he said, "When I saw Big Oscar coming I yelled 'Help!' " and teammates Russell, Heinsohn and Ramsey helped. Robertson did not score for five minutes and missed seven of 12 shots in the first half. By the time he began to hit with regularity the Royals were scrambling. The final score was 142-131. The Royals had won themselves a measure of respect by forcing the Celtics to the limit, but two bottles of victory champagne went unopened in the Cincinnati dressing room.

While Cousy was being heroic in the East, the Western Division also was settled in a seven-game series, with favored Los Angeles beating St. Louis. The Lakers had their All-Star guard, Jerry West, back after a seven-week absence, and though he couldn't move at top speed all the time, seven-eighths of a West is

up for Boston," said Laker Coach Fred Schaus, "then, by heaven, they'll never be up for anyone."

Boston's Auerbach admits that his is a tired team, and he knows full well it is a year older and maybe even not as strong as it was in successfully defending against the Lakers in 1962. Yet he says these things can be discounted in a showdown series of seven. But they cannot. Whenever the Celtics have to play two games in a row, or a game immediately after a long trip, they tend to be in trouble. The Lakers average three years younger per man, have some chance of keeping up with the Celtics' souped-up running game and, with Baylor and the reconditioned West, can shoot with Boston.

So it might take some sleight-of-hand for Boston to beat L.A. But the Celtics are led by the greatest sleight-of-hand artist of them all. If old Bob Cousy can play against the Lakers like he did last week against Cincinnati, it is young L.A. that better holler "Help!"

END



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*The backyard of Ray Smith's new Club de Pesca de Panamá (left) is a steaming, crawling, tropical rain forest. But the front yard is an aquatic Pacific jungle choked with gamefish, from the bonito and the amberjack up to the biggest of all—the lordly black marlin*

# A MOB OF MARLIN IN THE BAYS OF PANAMA

by Jack Olsen

**T**he oilman read the cablegram, turned a vivid shade of heliotropic and unleashed a long exclamatory sentence, most of which could not even be printed by Grove Press. Loosely translated, what he said was that he had told those cretinous associates of his that his fishing trip to Pifas Bay was not to be interrupted for any reason whatsoever—for any reason whatsoever—and now here they were, first crack out of the box, pestering him with a minor business matter. What was the minor business matter? Only that the oilman's drillers had brought in two gushers back home.

It will come as no shock to close relatives of fishermen that the art of angling is followed by as monomaniacal a group of sportsmen as may be found outside of a wet pack, but there are none more given to aberration than those who, like the oilman, follow the black marlin. And of the marlin fishermen, the ones who go to Pifas Bay in Panama are the ones most likely to lose all touch with reality. The reason is clear: in these warm

waters off the northern ebb of the Humboldt Current, the same current that gave *Kon-Tiki* its free ride to Tahiti, is the thickest concentration of black marlin to be found anywhere in the world.

S. Kip Farrington Jr., founder of Peru's celebrated Cabo Blanco Club (SI, March 19, 1956), has called the black "the most difficult of all the marlins to catch and the most coveted . . . the glamour boy of all fish." The benighted black-marlin fisherman thinks nothing of trolling day after endless day for the privilege—no, for the honor—of hooking one. And if the fishing goes on for a couple of weeks and at last, at last a marlin is caught, is the trip a success? To the black-marlin fisherman, it is a resounding success, and his words will echo in the halls of the Yale Club or the Union League Club for years afterward with details about his feat, some of them true.

Consider now, for a welcome relief, the carefully documented, validated and witnessed adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Ross H. Walker of Richmond. The Walkers, an amiable middle-aged couple of

considerable means, spent 12 days trolling in Pifas Bay. On one of those days Mrs. Walker landed six black marlin (or a lifetime's supply for many a marlin fisherman) and her husband boasted three. Mrs. Walker caught one of 655 pounds; her husband caught one of 723. At the end of their vacation the Walkers had chalked up 47 black marlin, all but 11 of which were released.

The Walkers, of course, are highly skilled marlin fishermen. A more typical Pifas Bay experience is the one endured by—well—myself. On a recent morning while the Walkers were bringing fish up to their boat with reckless abandon, I began my day's trolling at 9. In two hours I had hooked and lost four black marlin. Two of them merely spat out the bait as not quite to their taste. One simply rolled lazily on the 50-pound test line and snapped it. One hit a bait and, while I was grabbing the rod, nonchalantly cruised over and took the other bait. By the time I could figure out which rod had the action, the marlin was gone, licking his lips over our two fat bonito.

continued

The fifth fish hit at 11 a.m. and immediately took off on one of those trademark-registered tail-walking acts so characteristic of the breed. "Señor!" the captain shouted. "He sees a big one." He was, for a fact, somewhat larger than Kefau, and just as fast out of the starting gate. Line stripped off the reel and produced that whine which, to the big-game fisherman, is more beautiful than the *Enrica*. Occasionally the big fish would pause in his travels and allow himself to be pumped back toward the boat. Five times he was almost to the transom, while the eager mates stood by with the flying gaff and a lasso. But the marlin would count the house and take right off, wanting no part of this strange 33-foot floating fish. Each time he made a run, friction on the drag would turn the reel into an ingot of hot steel, and the mates furiously splashed water on reel and fisherman alike. After four exhausting hours, the marlin snapped the 250-pound test leader with one thump of his bill.

"Ay, Señor!" said the furious captain. "You lose him."

"Yes," I said. "Just lucky. I guess."

**I**t goes without saying that this fish, like all fish I have lost, would have been a world record. Indeed, the waters of Pifas Bay have accounted already for 12 International Game Fish Association records for black marlin, amberjack, sailfish, blue marlin and silver marlin, and this despite the fact that the place has been scandalously underfished. Until recently, one had to beat one's way to Panama City, then hire a boat to make the two-day cruise southeast through the Bay of Panama to Pifas. Once there, one slept on the boat; accommodations were nonexistent. But those fishermen who were willing to make the effort were rewarded beyond all reasonable hope. Webster Merritt, a fishing captain from Jamaica who decided on living at Pifas Bay after seeing how life was lived in Philadelphia, Miami and Panama City, remembers a customer who fought a big marlin for 17 hours, until long after midnight, only to lose the fish on what was, incredibly, the

49th or 50th jump. Four days later the fisherman boated a 960-pound black marlin in four hours.

All stories about Pifas eventually get around to the Schmidt brothers, Louis, Ted and John, who have skippered boats in the area for years (it was Louis Schmidt who took the Walkers out on their recent orgy of marlin catching). They tell of the day Louis hooked into a big marlin and fought it for two hours before an ill-fitting harness cut into his back and forced him to give up the rod to his brother John. The marlin weighed 1,006 pounds and was, up to then, the first 1,000-pound black marlin ever caught on rod and reel. Since two men had handled the rod, the IGFA could not certify the catch as a record, but the group did send a certificate of honorable mention to Louis Schmidt who, because of a childhood accident, has only one arm and one leg. Big as this fish was, there are certainly bigger black marlin around Pifas. Dr. William T. Bailey, a marlin fisherman and specialist in radioisotopes at Gorgas Hospital in Panama, tells of one:

"John Schmidt hooked a marlin off Jaque Point, and it came up and jumped right near the boat. When that fish plopped back into the water it was exactly as though somebody had dropped a yacht in there. Everybody gasped, but nobody said a word. They knew this was 'the big one.' You see him once in your lifetime, you have one chance. Well, John settled back for the fight. The fish began to take out line—zip, zip. John tightened down on the drag. He had 39-thread line, more than 100-pound test, and he knew he could give the fish plenty of pressure. The line kept going out. John gave the drag all he could without snapping the line, and they backed down on the fish as fast as the boat would go. The line settled down to a steady whirr. Without the slightest decrease in speed, the marlin stripped the reel and snapped the line. Five hundred yards of line against a 100-pound drag, and he ran it off as if he was just out for a Sunday stroll. You figure out how big that marlin was!"

The first lesson the novice fisherman must learn in dealing with monsters like this is that there is no small amount of danger involved. It is a difficult lesson to

teach. After all, the tenderfoot protests, that is only a fish out there. Yes, but it is a fish that can swim 50 miles an hour, and 1,000 pounds of fish proceeding at that speed can generate enough momentum to cause all sorts of mayhem. The great master Farrington himself tells of a fight in which he was yanked all over the deck, suffered a broken finger, a broken hand, a broken reel, a broken chair and numerous other injustices, and had to be admitted to a hospital for examination. A certain mate on a Pifas Bay boat had a habit of holding the line in his teeth while he snapped a loop of line onto the ostrigger. One day a marlin chose that moment to strike, and now the mate has a smile like a professional ice hockey player. Not even the boat is safe from the wrath of the marlin. Sometimes one will spear a boat while trying to wrest free of the hook; at other times they will accidentally ram the side while chasing after the smaller fish that often congregate in the boat's shadow. The usual procedure, if the bill remains in the boat, is to saw it down flush with the hull, sandpaper and varnish it. Then it becomes a badge of honor, and the skipper will never tire of telling you the whole story.

**A**nother problem in fishing for black marlin in Pifas Bay may be characterized best by the offhand comment of a woman who proclaimed after a day's trolling, "I have never seen the sailfish worse than they were today!" By that she meant that the sails, certainly to be counted among nature's nobilities, had been even bigger pests than usual. When one is expecting Beluga caviar, one doesn't want shad roe, and when one is fishing for black marlin one hopes that the sailfish will stay home in bed. Likewise with dolphin. Pifas Bay has a population of dolphin so dense that it would come as no surprise to see ichthyologists suggest some sort of a birth-control campaign. The dolphins are everywhere, hacking at marlin baits too big for their mouths and nipping and slashing at the two feathered jigs that are trolled on handlines to pick up live bonito for bait. When the skipper

sees the indescribable luminescent blue-green-purple flash of a dolphin coming up fast astern, he shoves the throttles forward hoping to outrun the fish. Sometimes, but not often enough for the skipper's equanimity, this maneuver succeeds. Occasionally there arrives on the scene somebody who wants to catch dolphin, to the confusion of locals to whom anything less than a monster black marlin is a bullhead.

One such dolphin fancier is fondly remembered by John Doonan, pilot of the plane that now whisks fishermen from Panama City to Piñas Bay in 45 minutes. "His name was Marcel," Doonan recalls, "and, of course, he was a gourmet and, of course, he was a Frenchman. We'd go out trolling in the morning and before we'd even reached the fishing waters Marcel would have the butter melting in the frying pan, the parsley chopped, and a little packet of secret herbs standing by. The second somebody landed a dolphin, Marcel would be up on that deck with a sharp knife. In less time than it takes to tell it he'd straddle the dolphin, slash a couple of steaks off him and race below to plop it in the pan. For the rest of the day, Marcel'd just sit around with a smile on his face."

But not all the fishes of Piñas Bay are as benign as the dolphin. There is, in these waters, as astounding an array of sharks and other evil animal life as is to be found east of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. It is not uncommon to see six or eight different types on one day's cruise: spinner sharks, which come whirling out of the water, all the better to stun schools of butterfly; great white sharks, the deadliest of the man-eaters; hammer-head sharks and shovel-nosed sharks, leopard sharks and tiger sharks, harmless whale sharks, nurse sharks, makos and blues. When marlin are being butchered, the sharks assemble in convention. Throw a loaf of bread overboard and they will take it, paper and all, in one gulp. They are also partial to humans. When boats go down off Panama, there are hardly ever any survivors. The current talk around Piñas is of an American who dived overboard a few weeks ago to unloof a line twisted around a propeller. He survived, but it has been strongly

continued



## PANAMA TRAVEL FACTS

**GETTING THERE:** The first-class round-trip flight from New York to Panama City costs \$440 (economy is \$295). Pan-Am's jets leave nightly; Braniff has three jets a week. A twin-engined amphibian Grumman Mallard picks up the fisherman at Panama City airport and puts him down at the club's beach (\$80 each round trip). **STAYING THERE:** There are five duplex cottages, each containing two apartments with double rooms and a bath-dressing room. The bar has good drinks and there are good Texas steaks in the restaurant, where the chef also will cook your fresh-caught fish (even the black marlin). Cottages, restaurant and bar are air-conditioned. Although the sun beats down unmercifully, there are practically no mosquitoes. Rates are \$20 each per day, meals included, and reservations require an advance deposit of \$5 per person per day. For reservations and information write to Club de Pesca, Apartado 6813, Panama, R.P., or 300 Samos Bldg., Dallas 1. **PERCULIA** is the cable address. **FISHING THERE:** The record fish are caught in the Gulf of Panama round Taboga Island, the Pearl Islands and Piñas Bay. There is year-round fishing for marlin, Pacific sailfin, amberjack, dolphin, bonito, jack crevalle, grouper, sea bass, snapper, jewfish and

mackerel. The Club de Pesca's nine new fishing boats have diesel engines and ship-to-shore radio. Superb tackle, from the lightest to the heaviest, is provided. Single-engined boats (30 feet) rent for \$90 a day, twin-engined (33 feet) for \$100. A deposit of \$25 per day is required in advance. A native boy in a small boat will take you to Punta Molino, where you can fish from the rocks with light tackle for bonito, snapper, grouper and even the occasional dolphin. A license is not required, nor is there a limit. **HUNTING THERE:** The Darien jungle is just outside the Club de Pesca's backyard. There are deer, jaguar, wild pig and dozens of varieties of waterfowl waiting. But bring your own equipment. Information on hunting can be obtained by a letter to any one of the following tour operators in Panama City: Boyd Brothers Travel Service, Fidanque Travel Service, Jungle Jam Tours, Persons Travel Bureau and Tivoli Travel Agency. **NIGHTSLEEPING:** A 10-minute ride in a *cayuco*, the local dugout canoe, will take you to Santa Dorotea, as primitive a village (it is built on stilts) as you can find anywhere. A long walk in the jungle will take you to an abandoned gold mine, but be sure to take a guide—the Indians sometimes do not care for strangers.

PANAMA MARLIN *continued*





A school of bonito, breakfasting on sardines, turns the sea to foam





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### PANAMA MARLIN

impressed on him that he should never attempt to repeat the feat.

And if the sharks are not enough to keep the fisherman from dangling his feet in the water, there is the sea snake. The sea snake is a cute little fellow, seldom exceeding three feet in length, colored in handsome shades of brown and yellow, with five or six dark bands on his tail. His occupation is chasing minnows, and nature has flattened his body somewhat to give him more maneuverability in the water. Nature has also provided him with a deadly poison and positioned him in the family of cobras. You spot sea snakes everyday in Pifias Bay, and it is said that they are so timid and docile that some of the natives remove them from fish nets bare-handed. (I am unable to document this, and I did not try picking them up bare-handed myself, as there was not sufficient time for such experiments.)

There is almost no end to the kinds and varieties of aquatic life in the rich waters of Pifias Bay, and one can never be sure what is going to hit one's bait or rise out of the depths to circle the boat ominously. For example, take the experience of one of the ubiquitous Schmidts. One night Ted Schmidt was sleeping soundly aboard his boat, anchored in the bay, when he was awakened by an almost imperceptible clanking sound. Schmidt became annoyed and climbed out of his bunk to tie down what he thought must be a loose piece of hardware rolling around on the deck above. But as he clambered to his feet, long experience on boats made him realize instantly that they were under way, though slowly. Schmidt grabbed a flashlight, played it around the deck and discovered that the anchor chain was taut and running dead ahead. The heavy fishing boat and anchor were being towed by a manta ray that had caught its horns in the chain and was now headed south for the winter. Schmidt started the engines, applied a burst of full speed astern, flipped the manta ray free of the chain and went back to sleep.

Ironically, these multi-ton mantas and the other monstrous inhabitants of Pifias Bay are there simply because the smallest organisms of the ocean are

there: plankton. The food chain starts with plankton, both the plant and animal varieties. It hangs in the water in great curtains, made visible much the same as dust is sometimes made visible in a room by a slanting ray of sunlight. Some of the planktons are phosphorescent; at night, boats leave long trails of glittering green and gold behind them. The zooplankton feed on the phytoplankton; tiny minnows feed on the zooplankton; from there the chain runs straight through sardines, anchovies, skipjacks and blue runners to bonito, grouper, amberjack and dolphin, then up through larger species like sailfish, jewfish and, hanging around the edges waiting for some baitfish to stray, the marlin. Sometimes the whole chain is starkly visible in one huge cloud of frenzied feeding activity, marked at the surface by the bonito stirring the water to a cauldron, corralling the sardines and the skipjacks like cowhands, hacking them to pieces in ever-diminishing circles of spray. Just above the surface of the water, gulls wheel in raucous gluttony, picking up the leavings and occasionally suffering a nip from an overanxious bonito.

If you are lucky, you may see that slickest pirate of them all, the frigate bird, supervising the activities of his employees, the cormorants. The frigate bird hovers high overhead on wings six and seven feet long; you can watch him all day and never see a flicker of movement in the wings. He was built for gliding; his bones are filled with outsize air pockets to lighten the load. The frigate bird likes the same delicacies as the cormorant, but he does not like to exert himself. So when he sees a cormorant come up with a fish, the frigate bird swoops down and grabs the meal away. After this happens a few times the cormorant decides to go someplace else, whereupon the frigate bird descends once again, bents his wings about the poor cormorant's head and makes it plain that he had better stick around if he knows what's good for him. Now the cormorant may decide to sulk, but the frigate bird will have none of that, either.

continued



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## PANAMA MARLIN *(Continued)*

He swoops down and pecks the cormorant on the back of the head until the poor bird goes back to work on behalf of the unequal partnership. Only when the frigate bird is stuffed with fish does the scene end. It is difficult to be annoyed with the frigate bird when one considers that the Japanese have been doing roughly the same thing with the cormorant for centuries. The lesson of history is clear: it is a tough job to be a cormorant for a living.

All of these sights were observed by a wealthy Texan, Ray Smith of Dallas, who liked what he saw (and caught) and promptly pulled off the impossible. He equipped 40 Choco Indians with machetes and axes and set them about the task of clearing a camp on Piñas Bay. By January of this year, Smith's camp had grown into the Club de Pesca de Panama, a \$600,000 jungle fishing club featuring an air-conditioned saloon and the only natives with Texas accents on the entire Pacific coast of Panama. For the first weeks of the club's existence most of the customers were Texans, either friends of Smith from Dallas or friends of friends. The result (temporary, one hopes) is natives who refer to every fish, Texas style, as "big old" or "little butty." The tiniest bit of Texas boastmanship has crept in, too, as in the fishing-boat crewmen who introduced himself and immediately added: "I am a better fisherman than my brother." Or the one who said: "I have an uncle. He is a doctor. Plenty school. Plenty money."

Withal, the natives who run Club de Pesca de Panamá, some of them imported from Panama City and some of them from primitive villages around Piñas Bay, remain sweet and unspoiled, and as unlike most American fishing guides and hotel personnel as one could imagine. Out in the bay on one of Smith's nine deep-water boats, the crewmen seem motivated by a desire to keep the fisherman from having to move so much as a single digit. If one heads for the beer cooler, one suddenly sees a streak of brown intercepting one's path, followed quickly by a hand proffering a bottle of "Bullon, contenido alcohólico mínimo 3.30%, máximo 3.90% por peso," opened and

*continued*

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the sunlight or under the stars, her high-stepping performance lives up to her looks. The 6-cylinder overhead-valve mill will carry you at sustained high speeds...and she's a real neck-snapper if you accelerate at 70. Big disc brakes mean extra safety, and for the status-locally-minded, the Austin Healey 3000 has a compression ratio of 9-03 to 1, with

a 3.5-in. stroke in a 3.282-in. bore. The smart efficiency of the cockpit will gladden your heart. The cowed dials are grouped for quick reading, shift and



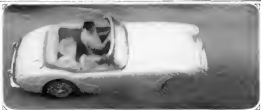
toggle switches are handy. Functional luxury—for a commute or a lazy country ramble. Owners are often prone—to ad-



mi're the Austin Healey 3000 from every angle. Each subtly sculptured line flows into the next with aerodynamic logic, the



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## THE PIPE SMOKERS Miscellany

*Tullies, Tips & Trivia from the makers of Bond Street*

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**BOND STREET**

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wrapped gently in a napkin. The crewmen's campaign to keep the fisherman happy extends even to emotional matters. As Alejandro Anderson, skipper of one of Smith's boats, explains: "I tell my men, 'When the fishermen laugh, you laugh. If they frown, you frown.'" It is like looking in a mirror all day. There are disturbing signs, however, that this benign narrative will not last forever, and before long all the natives will be as sophisticated as a New York City cabdriver. Bob Broster of *The Houston Chronicle* thought he might have seen the first indication on a recent trip to Club de Pesca. Three wild-looking Choco Indians, clad in loincloths and fancy headress, appeared near the club and Broster asked them if he could snap their picture. Said the Indians, "One dollar."

Despite the trappings of civilization that Smith has introduced—the water softeners, the drydock, the power plant, the air conditioners—he has done little to change the essential character of Pñas Bay. From the air one sees only a complex of buildings with thatched roofs (concealing aluminum roofs) landscaped with banana trees and coconut palms on a hillside running down to the beach. On the ground one sees wild orchards, egrets, sand crabs and cannibal ants. There is about the whole camp some of the mood of works by Joseph Conrad and Graham Greene: a heavy steaminess of air, a lushness of growth, a lamitude.

One halfway expects to see Trevor Howard step from behind a eucalyptus tree and bum a light, his native girl lurking in the background, the police of three countries prowling the jungle for him.

For his part, Ray Smith, who made his money in trucking and oil, merely thinks of the place he carved out of the jungle as "neat but not gaudy," a place whose *raison d'être* is marlin. The club served a large part of its purpose a few months ago, so far as Smith is concerned, when he went out and nailed a 186½-pound black marlin on 12-pound test line, a new IGFA record. "I think there are going to be all kinds of records set here," he says, "now that the place is being fished a little harder." Meanwhile, he wages a constant fight against the jungle, which encroaches on the camp with

a diabolical tenacity. Four men are employed full time hacking away at the mahogany, balsa, cedar, hibiscus, coconut palms and just plain weeds that infiltrate the grounds. Less of a problem, but always lurking in the back of one's mind in the middle of dark nights, is the animal life of the rain forest to the rear. There are the moccasin and the coral snake, the *fer-de-lance* and the bushmaster. There is the cute little *miracho*, a lizard that moves so fast it can run across streams and ponds, its feet never breaking the surface tension. Thus he is more commonly known as the *Jesús Cristo*. The minute you find yourself growing attached to the fascinating little *miracho* you run into one who takes an instant dislike to you and bites you in the leg, sometimes chasing you at blinding speed to do it. At the other extreme are the mountain cows, domestic cattle that have gone wild. They weigh up to 800 pounds, have huge curved horns and think nothing whatever of charging you because of the color of your socks. Somewhere between these two mischiefs is the aneater, a big fellow who, upon sighting a human, stands upright and beckons with his arms, as though to tell you to come on in and mix it up. No one knows whether he really wants you to put up your dukes and fight like a man or not, no one has ever tried to find out.

**B**ut these denizens of the jungle, along with the puma, the jaguar, the ocelot, the iguana, the wild boar, are more the creatures of evening discussions in the bar than they are creatures of reality. They give human beings a wide berth: you would have to go out of your way to see them. And anyway, Club de Pesca de Panamá doesn't face backward into the jungle; it looks out to sea, where the honito churn up the water and the wild black marlin dance on their tails and gunt manta rays glide in ferocious-looking harmlessness. The name of the club is the tip-off. Translated from the Spanish and the Indian, Ray Smith's club is named: "Club of Fish of Abundance of Fish." Even for a Tessian, that is an understatement.

END



Super Hi-Miler (at left) vs. comparably priced truck tire (at right) after typical accelerated, high-speed, overloaded, 50,000-mile test on same equipment, over same roads, with same driver

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL**—World Champion ERIK SMITH (195) of Denmark lost the first game of the U.S. Open basketball tournament in Thailand's Bangkok Stadium by fouling. Playing Seattle down by 10 in the fourth quarter after that, he won the next two games 15-14. World Champion JIMMY DAVEN HANSHAM, 27, the American wife of a Danish subject, won her sixth U.S. singles title by easily defeating British champion Kristina Neale 13-8 11-7.

**BASKETBALL**—"We're the only team that can beat the Celtics. We can match their man, we can rebound with them and we can run with them. It is going to be a real slugging war," said Fred Schott, coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, as his team defeated the St. Louis Hawks in a seven-game semifinal and headed into the championship finals against Boston's east-coast-leading Celtics. The Celtics, in turn, startled by hitting Bob Cousy (19-15) managed to get past unexpectedly tough opposition on another seven-game semifinal. With the slumping starved Boston's Bill Russell was knocked down and left to be helped off the floor. Boston's John Havlicek suffered a severe ankle sprain and still, Boston won the exciting game of a real grudge match beating L.A. 117-114.

**BOXING**—ERNE TERRILL, 6 feet 8 inches, was a 10-round eight division over David Williams, 6 feet 4 inches in a battle of giants in Philadelphia. Williams' ranked fourth among the heavyweights, was held off by a stiff left jab opened a long cut over Terrill's eye, but was bloodied himself as Terrill retorted.

**FOOTBALL**—The NEW YORK JETS, the newly named version of the ponderous Titans, turned golden. Tom Fawcett, made plans to retire quickly in the AFL market for a bright new team.

**GOLF**—KERMIT ZARLEY, NCAA champion from the University of Minnesota, won the 1968 U.S. Open 200 yards the individual medal round by two strokes to win the All-American intercollegiate tournament in Houston. The defending Conagra won the team championship by taking the team medal group by a 1.16, defeating Texas Tech 8-0 for the inter match title and, winning the low two ball championship with a 267 by Zarley and Wright Granger. North Texas State won the low fourball with 522.

**HOCKEY**—STEVE AUGUST turned 20 just in time to win the National Intercollegiate Four-Goal handball tournament. The University of Michigan sophomore defeated Boris Dym of the University of Texas, 21-12, 21-12. A West Texas cadet, Peter Hall, won the class B singles over another Texas student, but Texas took the doubles title with a well-matched team of Ken Perence and Bob Roberts.

**HARNESS RACING**—DORRIS (51:53.50), a comparative youngster of 5, was goodly far ahead in the stretch by George Saylor to win the \$40,000 Louisiana First by half a length from Overcloud 5. Mrs. S. had some earnings that far (\$586,399) should serve as some consolation.

**HOCKEY**—"Playing past fatigue is no worth two goals against," said Chuck St. Aubert of the Detroit Red Wings, as the Stanley Cup champions moved to Detroit with Toronto leading 2-0. As if to prove his words, Red Wing Alex Yashchenko, replacing benched Red Wing Howie Young, stepped in two goals, and the Stanley moved ahead to give the Wings their first game of the series 3-2.

**HORSE RACING**—SPEEDWELL (59:59), 3-year-old daughter of Bold Ruler, broke badly but caught the leaders in the stretch under saddle. Walter Shumaker to win the Preakness Stakes by 1 1/2 lengths and match the filly record of 1:16.3. The Preakness started heavily, Eubank Vindicta, was second. BOLD COMMANDER (55:60) did nothing Sunday but lost to a goodly by winning the 5 furlong Stakes at Laurel in a track record of 1:42.5, a seven and a half second over Hot Duce.

**CANEDY SPOOTS**, under an exercise bus, loaded into stall work, over his feelings at Churchill Downs, was tossed in 11.

**GREEN MONEY (51:50)**, and unstarred by the 10th year on earth, won the Brooklyn over heavy favorite HINDAW at Aqueduct. Johnny Ross cost another Big A winner, NO ROBBERY, the youngest and apparently only horse in the fifth race for 2-year-olds and up. He finished alone, by 90 lengths, in 1:34, only 2 1/2 seconds off the track record.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—ERIK CARLSSON, world champion rally driver and Nordic Lancia owner, was leading a rapidly growing field of 34 production cars in the East African Safari when his only white SAAB 940 car, was attacked by a marauding bird. Water put out of the race. Carlsson's female, Pål Moss, overtook her Ford Corvair, also a white. The fine tail of the 5,520 cc race was delayed with rain as well as hungry wildlife, going into 11th running of the world's toughest rally a new milestone. "For Sweden's sake."

**ROWING**—PRINCETON's big variety crew (average 6 feet 3 inches, 190 pounds) finished in front of a sophomore eight from Rutgers. COLUMBIA challenged Navy on the Severn, matched the favored Middlesex for stroke and yet the finishing heat to take their first victory over Navy since 1960.

**TABLE TENNIS**—The Great doubled the spoils at the world tournament in Prague. China took three titles, including the men's singles, Japan took the other four.

**TRUCK & FIELD**—At an obscure meet, track field power to the Southern States Relays, Phil NELSON used Fred Hansen's vaulting pole, cleared 16 feet 4 inches—a new world record—and sprang his back. Three days later Fred Hansen won a jump 16 feet 4 inches for a relay record.

**KEITH FORMAN** ran one mile in 4:45 two miles in 9:56. Chicago ran 1000 yards in 15:30. KATHY CRAWLEY clocked 46.5 the season's record for time for the 440, won the 100-yard hurdles at USC in a record at Washington 106.3.

**CHARLIE MAYN** won the two dashes, the broad and triple jumps, but Maryland still bowed to the force of the U.S. games, when the Queens team BUDWY EDLEIN set for American record at 100 yards, a 10-second race in England but finished second to Mal Batty, where 48.14 is the third best time in history.

**MILWAUKEE** BORN—a second son, Steven Charles, in Gail Chapman Jack Nicklaus, when prepared for the fourth address by winning the Mercury. FIELD JOHN ALBERT GRAYSON 43, after 10-year team as basketball coach at the University of Washington. Although Grayson refused to make his deliberate play patterns and 15-17 record were under severe scrutiny.

**THIRD**—As general manager of the Eastern Marine Commission Company (Shakers of Wharfedale), the American Cup Defender, JOHN HENRY, the well-known Irish genius, won a casual berth, dealer to 32.5 million, none of 12-month boats, one partially painted and polished defenders and club legends, found his arms and legs, and a victory, a victory, a victory at the Newport Shipyard, but never won a race.

**REALLY TIDY REEKEY**, a 3rd round Member of Canada's Parliament from York West, after a rugged campaign as critic for the Toronto Maple Leaf hockey in the Winter Cup play-off. NAMED: The U.S. Water Olympic JUMPING TEAM to participate in the 1968 Innsbruck Games. John B. B. of Minnesota, won the 1968 U.S. Open, beating Matt, Dave Bly, and Gene Kostick of Detroit. Jay Morris of Minneapolis and Anson Smithson of Boulder.

**KLUTZED** JAMES EDWARD (SUNNY) JENKINS, after 20 years in racing, transferred for two generations of Pigeon Blood horses, with two Triple Crown winners, Gallant Fox and Omaha and Derby winner (Johnston) Explorer. Mr. J. "My first grand." To replace, in part, the irreparable Mr. J. the Pigeon Blood BILL WATKINS, who developed Nasty Dancer for Adolph Loefer, Vanderbilt.

**UNRETIRED** MURDER SCORP, 29, who had quit baseball after a six-year career in a comeback attempt and a divorce from the White Sox to Indianapolis of the International League. "I didn't want to quit," said Scorp, who has been owned by Bill Loefer, that he will be needed if he can't find a buyer. DIED JOHN NEEL, 21, and 190 pounds, by his own hand, when he was refused a renewal of his jockey license for being overweight.

## ACKNOWLEDGES

34-30—The following are the names of the 34-30s: New York Times 42, 31-32, 29, 28, 27, 26, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. (The names of the 34-30s are listed in the order in which they were published in the New York Times.)

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**DAUG METZ**, 21, was looking for a path to the Detroit Tigers at about the time his golfing father Dick was winning the PGA Seniors' Invitational. Craig turned to golf instead. Recently, he shot an eight under par 63 to post East Texas State's win over SMU.

**DENNIS COX**, 14, led his Detroit basketball hockey team to the city championship, but he tore some ligaments in his leg while doing it. So weeks later he stepped out of the court, helped his team to the national title with six goals, nine assists in three games.

**MRS. ROBERT KONWINSKI**, 31, a housewife and mother of three (the youngest is 3 months), rolled 541 for three games to put her Citrus Service team of Grand Rapids into the division one lead at the Women's International Bowling Congress tournament.

**WILLIAM P. MAHONEY**, serves the U.S. as Ambassador to Ghana, but whenever he finds the time he serves the African nation as a volunteer track coach. Mahoney was captain of his Notre Dame track team in 1938 and head track coach there from 1940 to 1942.

**DAN BRAND** of the San Francisco Olympic Club carried his team to its third AAU open title and was named outstanding wrestler at the national AAU championships at he defended his 115½-pound freestyle title without a defeat or a draw against 12 opponents.

**JOSEPH BROGAN**, 20, taught himself to lift weights "because I was small," was Maine's lightweight champion last year. This year he gained 15 pounds, set two state records with a press of 223 and a clean and jerk of 278 pounds in the 165-pound class.





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THE CROWD GATHERED EARLY FOR THE HISTORIC OPENING. THE MORE PROSPEROUS FANS IN CARS OF THE VERY LATEST MODEL

## April 1923: First Day at Yankee Stadium

It was the beginning of an era of bigness—the world's biggest and most expensive baseball park for what shortly became the world's most spectacularly successful baseball team

by JOHN DURANT

Forty years ago this spring on Wednesday, April 18, 1923—I sat in the stands at the Yankee Stadium and saw the first game ever played there.

It was a great day, this double opening of the Stadium and the season. It was the biggest one-day show baseball had ever staged, including World Series games. The Yankee tradition of bigness and power began, perhaps, right there that afternoon. Everything was big. The game (against the no-account Red Sox) drew the largest crowd in baseball history—74,200, the papers said the next day. The Stadium was the biggest, grandest and tallest baseball park in the world and the most costly (\$2,500,000), and on the field in his brand-new white-and-pink-striped uniform was Babe Ruth, the game's biggest star. Tall, broad-shouldered and flat-bellied—it was before he became heavy and pear-shaped—the Babe swung a 52-ounce bat, said to be the biggest one in baseball, and handled it like a wand.

The Yankees put on a good show before the game started. Governor Al Smith threw out the first ball, a surprisingly fast one, which plopped right in the center of Catcher Wally Schang's mitt, and drew tumultuous cheers. There were at least two bands, one of which was directed by John Philip Sousa. There were floral wreaths all over the infield and a lot of handshaking by the opposing managers, Miller Huggins and Frank Chance; by the white-hatted baseball commissioner, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis; and the two chunky colonels who were co-owners of the Yankees, Colonel Jacob Ruppert and Colonel T. L. Huston.

It was big-league stuff, all of it, the overwhelming crowd, the triple-deck Stadium, the bands, Sousa, the governor, the Babe. It outclassed the Dodgers' opening the day before. In Ebbets Field they had drawn barely 14,000, and the man who tossed out the ball was someone named John F. Tanguay, who was

the Exalted Ruler of the Brooklyn Elks. Big deal.

I was in my sophomore year at Yale and very close to probation in marks. Taking a Wednesday off meant cutting three classes and a lot of work that would have to be made up. It also meant the end of my cut allowance for the year. Worse yet, though, would be my skipping the track workout on Wednesday afternoon.

I ran the hurdles and had a good chance to make the combined Yale-Harvard team that would be sent to England that summer to run against Oxford-Cambridge. There were time trials scheduled for Wednesday, and if I didn't show up Johnny Mack would want to know why. He was our coach, a hard-bitten oldtime professional sprinter, and he took no nonsense from anyone. If he had ever found out that I had skipped track for a hall game, he would have thrown my track shoes into New Haven Harbor and me after them.

*continued*



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## Yankee Stadium

But I wanted to see that openers game. It was great to break a tape with everybody behind you, but it wasn't a game like baseball. You run your race, get dressed, and that was that. I used to walk across the field and watch the ball game when I was through, but maybe that was only because my older brother played first base for Yale. Our father had once owned the Waterbury, Conn. ball club of the old Eastern Association. We were brought up on the game and always loved it.

Bill Comins, our crack broad jumper and sprinter, helped me work the dodge that got me out of the track workout. It was easy. I faked a pulled muscle after taking a couple of hurdles at Tuesday's practice and limped off the track. Comins grabbed me and supported me on the way to the field house. Johnny Mack came in while the trainer was taping me up and told me not to come out for a few days. I limped back to my room and tried to remember to keep limping until I was out of New Haven.

The next morning I joined the bunch going down to the game on the 11:30 train. There were five of us and we all carried books, supposedly to read in



THE BARE PLAYED UP TO THE OCCASION

preparation for next day's classes, but nobody opened one. We talked about Ruth and how badly he had fallen off last season—from 59 homers and a batting average of .378 to 35 homers and .315 in one year—and how awful he had looked last fall in the World Series against the Giants, when he hit only .118 and the Yankees didn't win a game. The talk was that he was boozing it up a lot and couldn't be managed, and maybe he was through.

Some newspapers had said that the Babe was penitent and knew he was on trial this season. He was in shape and was going to stage a comeback. Ruth himself had said that he would give a year of his life if he could hit a home run in his first game in the new Yankee Stadium.

Major league games started at 3:30 in those days and we had almost two hours to spare when we got into the 125th Street Station and took a cab to the Stadium. It was a Checker cab, a square-top, boxlike affair that would

*continued*



GOVERNOR AL SMITH (LOWER RIGHT FOREGROUND) THREW OUT THE FIRST BALL



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## Yankee Stadium (continued)

seem odd today, but there was plenty of headroom inside and you could get into it without being a contortionist. It got us there all right, but none too soon.

There was an enormous crowd milling around the Stadium and nobody seemed to know where to go or what to do. Some of the ticket booths were already closed. There were no more boxes or reserved seats on sale—only seats in the grandstand and the bleachers.

While we were waiting in a long line at one of the booths a man walked by waving a fistful of grandstand tickets. He was hawking them for \$1.25 apiece, a 15¢ boost over the box office price of \$1.10. We were about to take a batch to save time, when a detective hustled him off.

All the seats were gone in the two lower tiers, and it must have taken us half an hour to reach the top one and get settled, far out in right field a mile from the plate. The players on the infield were tiny, about a third the size they looked from the upper stands in the Polo Grounds.

One good thing about being way up there was that the Old Man would never spot me. I knew that he would be at the game—that was another risk I'd considered—and I would just as soon have run into Johnny Mack as him. He was almost sure to be in a field box, probably sitting with his friend, Harry Frazee, who owned the Red Sox and who, incidentally, had wrecked his club by selling all his stars to the Yankees, Ruth among them.

When the Yankees took the field their shortstop, Deacon Scott, the Iron Man, got a good hand for starting his 987th consecutive game despite a lame leg that was supposed to keep him on the bench. It was a record number of straight games for any player at that time, and the Deacon held the mark until Lou Gehrig topped him years later. The Babe, of course, got his share of applause, and he responded by waving to the crowd as he

trotted out to right field in those short, quick steps of his.

Umpire Tom Connolly behind the plate called "Play ball!" Bob Shawkey wound up and threw the first pitch in the new Stadium to the Red Sox leadoff man, Chick Fewster. It was a ball.

Nothing happened in the first inning. When Ruth trotted in toward the Yankee dugout, which was then on the third base side, he stopped squarely on second base as he crossed it. This gesture of always touching second on his way to the

infield on a line and kept on going, hardly rising at all, it seemed, and landed in the right field bleachers.

I doubt if there was anyone in the Stadium who wasn't on his feet as the Babe, beaming, trotted around the bases behind Whitey Witt and Joe Dugan. Rounding third, he took off his cap and, holding it at arm's length, waved it to the crowd all the way home. No shy tip of the cap from the Babe!

The Yankees did not score again and the game ended in their favor, 4-1.

Ruth's three-run homer made the difference. Bob Shawkey went all the way, and so did his eight teammates.

Going back on the train that night, the books remained unopened, and again the talk was about Ruth, the Stadium and how the Yankees were on their way now and how about the Giants?

You didn't have to be very old to know the Yankee's history. Only 11 years before, their home was a small park in Washington Heights with an antiquated wooden stand. They were called the Highlanders and they were the joke of the American League. They came into the Polo Grounds in 1913 and played there for 10 years, sharing it as tenants with the Giants. John McGraw, the Giants' manager and a con-

firmed American League hater, had them booted out after Ruth's arrival when they began to outdraw his own club on his own grounds. He was certain that the Yankees could not find space to build a ball park in Manhattan and that they would die on the vine in any other borough—in the Bronx, for instance. "The fans will soon forget about them over there," he said.

No worse guess has ever been made in baseball annals. As every fan knows, it was the Giants who withered away and the Yankees who became the most successful club in baseball history. No one could see that far 40 years ago, least of all five college students who, as the train reached the outskirts of New Haven, were still enraptured by the performance of the great Yankee slugger.



AMONG THE VIPS were (left to right) New York Manager Miller Huggins, Yankee Co-owner Colonel Jake Ruppert and Boston Manager Frank Chance.

dugout became a superstition with him.

Howard Ehmke, the Red Sox pitcher, put the Yankees down in order in the first two innings, but in the third they began to reach him. A single, a sacrifice, a walk and another single accounted for the Yankees' first run and when the Babe came to bat there were two men on base and two out. He had lied out in the first when the bases were empty, but this was different. A showman to the core, Ruth was almost always at his best in a situation like this, and everyone in the park knew it and felt it.

The Babe worked the count up to two and two and then Ehmke fed him one of those slow balls that the Giants had murdered him with in the last World Series. It came in a little high and he went for it. The ball streaked over the

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by FRANK DEFORD

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

In Houston, Clubhouse Man Norm Gerdmann and his wife Evelyn prepare the food for visiting teams. The Gerdmanns feel their work reflects "the city of Houston and the state of Texas," so they were glad to see Willie McCovey of the Giants light into some Frios with Evelyn's Special Sour Cream and some spareribs that were "direct from St. Louis," and then declare: "Man, this is the best food in the league." Willie was no less bashful at home plate, where he helped lead a San Francisco assault against the Colt .45s that took the NL champions right back to the front of the league. For the week McCovey (.438 BA) had two HRs. So did Felipe Alou (.625), Orlando Cepeda (.529) and Willie Mays. Ed Bailey hit a pinch grand slam. Jack Sanford won two games. The pace was catching. Jack Fisher came over from Baltimore with a 5.09 ERA and immediately retired all 12 men he was asked to face. Most teams, though, kept playing like last September. The first series wasn't out of the way before talk of dissension—matched by the usual "firm denial"—was coming out of the Los Angeles camp. And also reminiscent of September was the fact—undeniable—that the powerful Dodgers weren't hitting. Though they won three games of five fall by their aces, Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax, they averaged less than three runs and six hits a game. Nobody hit a homer. Maury Wills was injured in the opener, but Willie Davis picked up the slack and stole three bases in the first week. St. Louis, the team that finished the Dodgers last season with two shutouts, started this one off with three more, as Ernie Broglio—Florida's best pitcher—led the way with a two-hitter. There was also an element of familiarity about the Mets, though they had succeeded in making their usual question—"Will the Mets ever win?"—passé. Now, it was, "Will the Mets ever score?" as they rolled their first 19 innings without a run before Duke Snider homered. There remained a reassuring air of consistency about the Mets. It was not just that they made an error on the very first play of the season—which indeed they did—but also that they had made an error on the very first play of the exhibition season. Hitting .124, New York fell gracefully into 10th place, from whence it came. Cincinnati, with its highly touted rookies Pete Rose and Tom Harper hitting .071 and .143, lost to Phil-

ladelphia (.511 for the week) and Philadelphia (2-1) and dropped off the pace. The Phils, glowing with optimism and after two games the writers were already comparing them to the 1950 pennant-winning Whiz Kids. Art Mahaffey used only five curve balls to beat the Reds on four hits. He dismissed any thoughts that he may still be giving away his pitches: "When I have the fast ball going like that," said Art, "it doesn't matter if they know it's coming." In Milwaukee, Warren Spahn won his first start—and that is 328 wins if you would like to resume counting Spahn victories this early in the season. Down Lake Michigan's cold coast, the band played *Jugie Bell's* at the Wrigley Field opener, and Don Drysdale got his soul changed to beat the Cubs. His arm was bathed in hot oil before the game, then again midway through, when the cold started numbing his fingers. Chicago won one game of four on Dick Ellsworth's two-hitter, but this was enough for Athletic Director Bob Whitlow to start the season off with some typical Cubban executive sweet talk. "The Dodgers are going to give us some real great advertising around the league," he said, "as they tell everybody just how tough the Cubs are."

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

There hadn't been so much excitement in Kansas City since that day the transcontinental railroad linked up. There was Harry Truman telling the Yankees where to go ("back to New York, where they belong"). There were 1,000 kosher doll pickles for a lucky fan. There was Yogi Berra making his debut as a first-base coach. And most of all, there were 31 Athletics, visions of loveliness in their new green-and-gold uniforms. Yankee Manager Ralph Houk could not help but bow a kiss toward his KC alter ego, Eddie Lopat. But clothes still do not make the ballplayer, and New York swept the game and the series. Baltimore, its stock literally soaring from a low of eight near the end of last season to a high of 17 bid, 19 asked this week), moved into Yankee Stadium for the first of about 521 "reunited" series this year, and managed to beat the Yanks once when Boog Powell, who was not supposed to start against left-handers and was certainly not supposed to hit them, banged a homer off Whitey Ford. In the lineup because of an injury to Joe Garmon, Powell hit two of his first three HRs against southpaws. Gus Triandos hit a homer his first time up with



PIRATE CASTAWAYS HOWIE Goss, Don Leppert led Colt. Senator attacks, Goss with a .364 BA, Leppert with three HRs in one game.

Detroit. Then Triandos, who had had a chance to become the first martyr to make the Hall of Fame on account of his tribulations attempting to handle Hoyt Wilhelm's knuckle balls, had to face ex-teammate Wilhelm later in the game. With a bat or a glove, he still couldn't handle the knuckle ball. Struck out Minnesota and Cleveland both started slowly, but at least Indian Manager Birdie Tebbets had the ready answer for his team's problem. "These kids aren't used to playing in daylight," Tebbets explained. The Twins were playing without Ruben Roldan, who had suffered a broken jaw. In his place, strong George Banks did smash one home run and Harmon Killebrew added another to give the Twins their only win. Killebrew's homer warmed a lot of hearts, too, since it came in Metropolitan Stadium. Last year, though he had 48 homers, he didn't hit his first at home till June 10. Pitchers finally found that Washington's spring training star, rookie Tom Brown, has a weakness: the regular season. Brown went 0 for 14 with eight strikeouts before he finally was benched. Another rookie, Dave Morehead of Boston, accounted for four of those strikeouts personally when he shut out the Senators in his first start. Morehead, 19, camera in hand, then gawked on a White House visit and sent his winning game ball back home to his father. The Senators' pitching star was Tom Cheney, who pitched the best game in the majors in a week of exceptionally good pitching. Cheney threw a one-hitter to go with three two-hitters, five three-hitters, five four-hitters and 11 five-hitters. And on the West Coast, in the shadow of Hollywood, the script called—naturally enough—for the pretty little secretary from Portland, Ore. to triumph over the glamorous movie star. The latter is, of course, Mattie Van Doren, betrothed of Los Angeles Pitcher Bo Belinsky. The secretary is Margaret Huntington, fiancée of Chicago rookie Pete Ward. Both ladies were at Chavez Ravine the other night, their hearts on their sleeves, when Ward strode to the plate to face Belinsky. He smashed a 400-foot triple to start the Sox on their way to a 3-1 defeat of the Angels and Bo. And may they all live happily ever after.

END

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE SPIRIT

Sirs:

As a member of the New Breed I am raving mad at your calling the New York Mets the "worst team in the major leagues" (Scouting Reports, April 8). Even though they lost a mere 120 games, statistics do not tell the entire story.

A pitcher will still cringe at the thought of throwing a ball to Duke Snider, Frank Thomas or Gil Hodges with the right-field fence just over his shoulder. And I am sure that Charlie Neal would be given a star role on any other ball club. As for heroic Marv Throneberry—his ninth-inning homers speak for themselves. The weakest spot is the catching, but Norm Sherry will fill that role.

Give the Mets a few years of building and experience, and they'll be battling it out with the best.

H. COLLIER

Philadelphia

Sirs:

The Baltimore Baseball Club is seriously concerned about the report on our club in your Baseball Issue. I think it is regrettable that such a report should be given national circulation. Your story is superficial, inaccurate and misleading, damaging to our team and embarrassing to our players.

LEE MACPHAIL

Baltimore Orioles

Baltimore

Sirs:

Your Baseball Issue was excellent. However, you left out a couple of sentences in your summary of the New York Yankees. To wit: "The Yankees should repeat, not because they are a great team but because there is not much to beat. If the Yankees were in the National League they would finish sixth, behind the Giants, Dodgers, Reds, Pirates and Cards."

ROBERT H. CLARK

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

Let me be the first to say, "I told you so," when the Tigers won the 1963 pennant—and the World Series.

JULIE COTANT

Detroit

Sirs:

In many of your articles, including the Scouting Reports, you refer to the Dodgers as "blowing" the 1962 pennant and handing it to the Giants. The fact is the Giants won that pennant because they were the

better team. In 1962 it was the survival of the fittest and the Giants were fit.

BARRY SCHUCK

New York City

Sirs:

I don't see how you can say the Giants will stop the silliness of five different teams winning the NL pennant since 1957. It is the Dodgers who will stop this nonsense, not the Giants.

PAUL WALKER

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

We especially enjoyed your article pointing out the glaring weakness of the Milwaukee Braves.

DICK EDEN

DENNY FERGUSON

Platteville, Wis.

Sirs:

Your general coverage of baseball 1963 was interesting, as it is every year. Although I enjoyed most of it, I was terribly impressed by the cover spread and the article dubbing Harmon Killebrew as "the best home-run hitter" in baseball (*Out of the Park on a Half Swing*, April 8).

Barbara Hedman should know better. Sure Killebrew's good but, as far as being the best, how could he be compared to the likes of Babe Ruth, Roger Maris and Willie Mays? Everyone knows that Mickey Mantle is the best modern day home-run hitter and, if he'd played as many games in 1962 as Killebrew did, he would easily have hit 50 homers.

SHELDON MALOVANY

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

I want to add a note of praise to the many others you must be receiving on your Baseball Issue. The pictures are immense, the text definitive and, in short, you captured the spirit of the season.

LEZZY GOODMAN

Louisville

THE PRESS

Sirs:

Your article, *Hockey's Officiating Mess* (April 8), was timely and, all too sadly, true. As a former official scorer for the Detroit Red Wings, and at present in the same capacity for the San Francisco Seals in the Western Hockey League, I have observed many hockey referees, good, bad and indifferent. Yet, on the whole, they are to be commended for the job they perform under

tough, even hazardous conditions. They are subjected not only to the invective and taunts of the fans, but can be roughed up physically if they have the misfortune to be caught in the middle of a play.

Having known Mr. Clarence Campbell personally, I have always deemed him to be very fair, and solidly behind his officials. However, this is no game for partywants, so if they can't take it let them quit.

BILL MACKENZIE

Alameda, Calif.

Sirs:

You will find few to quarrel with your premise that NHL officiating is a mess, but for a moment let us examine the possibility that one reason for that lies in the "incompetence" of the officials themselves. If and large they appear to be characterized by self-pity, incompetence, ignorance of the rule book and personal hostility towards the NHL players. The continued use of such officials in a sport as tense as professional hockey is an invitation to incidents such as the ones you writers deplore.

By all means, let the league revise or strengthen the rules—then let it find a collection of officials willing and able to learn them and competent to enforce them fairly and intelligently.

K. C. MACLEOD

Boston

Sirs:

No sport can survive without proper officiating.

HERBERT A. LOER III

Chicago

THE JOKE

Sirs:

I greatly enjoy the funny articles by Whitney Tower on the Kentucky Derby; he sure is an amusing man!

In his current passionate prose piece (*Two Colts After One Derby*, April 8) for Candy Spots and Never Bend, he lists nine others (who naturally have no chance but may try)—and never does mention the actual winner, which will be, of course, Crewman.

JACK C. ROSSITER

Elmhurst Park, Ill.

● Crewman conceivably could be the fastest colt, but the Derby will never prove it. He is not entered.—E.D.

INDIAN LOVE CALL

Sirs:

When the April 8 issue of your magazine came I was thrilled to see an article about



Grey Owl (*Mysteriologist Genius of Nature Lore*) I first became aware of his works when as a part of a group (about 30 in all) I was a guest of the Canadian Tourist Association at its annual convention held in Windsor, Ont. in September of 1954.

After one of the banquets we were treated to a lecture and a viewing of the film, *Tales of an Empty Cabin*.

It made me a little sad to read that he was really not part Indian as I had always thought. However, I shall always think of him as one. I am often reminded of him as it has been my pleasure to enjoy vacations at East Trout Lake in Saskatchewan near his burial place. Many Indians are employed there and I like to think of them as being "brothers" of Grey Owl. Also there are many beavers there to remind me.

DELPHIA BOWMAN

Wray, Colo.

#### OLYMPIC PICTURE

Sirs:

"U.S. amateur ice hockey a disaster area" (SCORECARD, March 18; 19th HOLE, April 15) is right, and to a degree this applies all along the Olympic front. But let's stop talking about it and do something.

One of the big features of the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley was the thrilling performance of the U.S. hockey team. And this magnificent performance, as well as the other great events that made the VIII Winter Olympics the best ever, was documented in the official Olympic film, *Faster, Stronger, Higher*. The owners of that film have now offered to match limited percentages on income from sponsored, paid showings of *Faster, Stronger, Higher* and to earmark such funds for the next Olympic teams.

Suppose one thousand organizations, such as ski clubs, fraternal groups, college athletic groups, boys' clubs, city athletic clubs and so on, sponsor this film for their own profit and charge an average admission fee of \$1.50 per person for this greatest show on earth and attract an average audience of 1,000. Each club donates 10% of its gross share of income to the Olympic teams along with 10% of the film-owner's share.  $1,000 \times 1,000 = 1,000,000 \times \$1.50 = \$1,500,000$ , 10% of which is \$150,000, which is a lot more than the \$20 pocket-money allowance per hockey player that you described.

There are more than 500 ski clubs in the U.S. These, along with the Elks, Moose, Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Boy Scouts and who knows what else, could attract and collect, with their 10%, "cut" to the Olympic teams, enough to send the U.S. off in grand style. For information they can write Marvin Becker, Winter Games Films, 915 Howard Street, San Francisco.

WILLIAM F. HADDON

Cleveland

continued



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### 10TH HOLE *Continued*

#### KEEP IT SLOW

Sirs:

Once again, now that spring is here, people are beginning to recommend ways of speeding up baseball. Let them be silenced! Baseball may need a lot of things, but it does not need speeding up. Most sports must generate continuous action to create and maintain spectator interest. Not so baseball. It is a basically slow game.

The excitement generated by the game is in its strategy, not its action. How many times do you see a basketball or hockey coach second-guess? Rarely. A football coach? Upon occasion. A manager? Always. After every loss—and some victories—the manager is subjected to the opinions of a fair percentage of the civilized world. They question his ability to lead anything from a one-car funeral to a group of girl scouts.

Baseball fans are a thinking group who have a good knowledge of their game. Most other sports have followers who, while they enjoy their game, do not know as much about it. They do not have to—the action, the physical excitement sweep them along. Now come these people who say baseball must be speeded up, but that is not what the game is all about. What it needs is less exposure. They play too many games each season. The season starts in April, when it is cold, it ends in October when it is cold. In between they try to make up all the games they missed because of the lousy weather.

Meanwhile the fan is bombarded with mediocre performances both in the strategy and execution of his game. Why not? Everyone out on the field is mentally and physically tired. Now, I am as loyal a Red Sox fan as ever lived in the shadow of Fenway Park (to admit it in public proves a certain blind faith), yet I find it hard to follow them through a series played in the middle of the week in mid-August. Granted they are tough to follow anytime, but even when they used to be close it still got to be too much.

If they played only 100 or 90 games each season, every game would be that much more important to the fans—and the ballplayers. I can't argue the economics of such a move with any great accuracy, but it seems to me that no club owner makes any money when his team travels to Los Angeles to play before 2,000 paid. If fewer games were played, better dates could be set up and the larger attendance at these games would offset the fewer playing dates. The brand of ball would improve considerably.

It is not the games that are too long, it is the season. Ball fans love to sit through a long battle, to watch the game unfold, to appreciate the winning strategy, to berate the loser—but not from Easter till Christmas. The club owners are asking the people to work overtime. We get tired.

DAVID BALKIN

Brookline, Mass





*Every Parliament  
gives you an  
extra margin*

\*\*\*\*\*  
*Tobacco tastes  
best when the  
filter's recessed*



*Parliament keeps  
the filter a neat,  
clean 1/4 inch  
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